July 2, 1966

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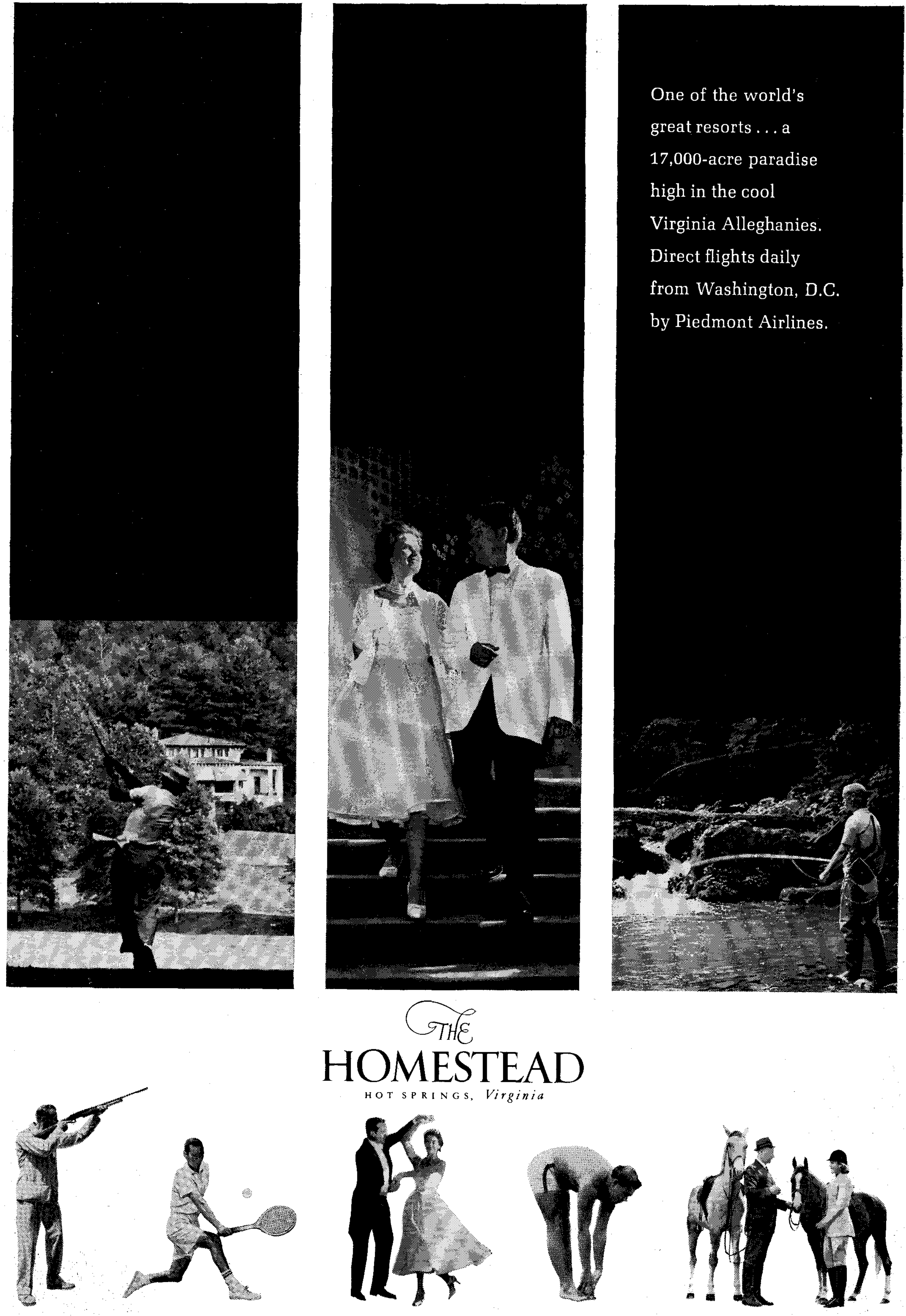

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—A courtroom drama by Jack Roffey that moves along slowly in proving that a barrister accused of murdering a judge didn't do it. The cast is headed by Ray Milland and includes such worthy performers as Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 2.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 7, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. After Saturday, July 2, no performances until Monday, July 11, when the show will reopen at the Shubert Theatre, 44th St., W., CI 6-5990.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—A mild spoof of the noble, if loutish, hero of a bygone comic strip. The book, by David Newman and Robert Benton, is rather anemic, but Charles Strouse's music and Lee Adams' lyrics are agreeable enough, and the cast, which includes Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain, is on its toes. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." Dick Kallman will replace Mr. Tanner starting Monday, July 4. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 16.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mme. Récamier. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**, with Ethel Merman, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 9.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of **LA FORZA DEL DESTINO** will close out the season. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday, July 1, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 2, at 2:30 and 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, June 30-July 1, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**.... ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 3 and 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**.... ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 3 and 7:30: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **H.M.S. PINAFORE**.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 5-6, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 7-8, at 8:30: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **H.M.S. PINAFORE**.... ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 3 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, and Ray Middleton support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays, except July 5, through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, July 4.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Until the Monkey Comes. . .—A play by Venable Herndon. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 7, at 2.)

The World of Günter Grass—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and postwar Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3, for ten weeks.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL**, with Barbara Barrie, Richard Jordan, and Staats Cotsworth, will be given through Saturday, July 2. . . . **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**, with Shepperd Strudwick and Barbara Baxley, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, July 6, and will run through Saturday, July 30. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, **MARDI GRAS!**, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Reopens for the second season on Friday, July 8. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box resumes its career on Thursday, July 7, with the assistance of Buddy Greco, who gives his songs a good, lively show-business touch, and of Charlie Manna, a wit whose slings and arrows are usually fortunate, sometimes owlishly outrageous. They appear at dinner and supper, but the whole evening is the range of the Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new annex to the celebrated Barberry Room is apt to remind customers of the late Little Club, mainly because it *is* the Little Club, redivivus—candy-striped upholstery, cheery dance band, and Billy Reed, head man. Horace Diaz runs the band during the week—Mondays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. No music on Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's band has made it to New York, all the way from the coral strand of East Coast Florida, and settled into the restaurant. It disports itself Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to closing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for the occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week. Franco Pagani, Florentine song and guitar at hand, is there, too, but not on Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens on Wednesday, July 6, to bring on Jean Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan, one of the handsomer pairs among the younger marrieds. They are vocal, too, as anyone who views them at ten o'clock in the evening will find out. Fridays and Saturdays, they are on hand at nine and eleven-forty-five. Quantities of dance music issue from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday and Monday, July 3-4, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine Sundays through Thursdays, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Every night but Sunday, there is dancing on a mythical green around a mythical maypole. The music runs from nine to one, and the English Grill stays open late for anyone who needs nourishment.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On the ridgepole of Manhattan sits the quintet of Carmen Cavallaro, in whose staves visions of sugarplums dance. The customers dance, too, from time to time; i.e., from eight-thirty until one-thirty. Saturday, July 2, is the final night for the time being.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Breathes there a soul with feet so dead that they cannot come both to life and the dance floor at the urging of Les and Larry Elgart and their orchestra, which is full of warf and woof, and often whee. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Hardly a night on Bald Mountain, for this hillock is rife with décor, though of great decorum. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band never cease fire. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The only call of the wild that issues from the leafy bower outside the castle walls is produced by Phil Wayne's band and a conglomeration of Latin musicians, who chortle from eight to one in the outdoors every night. Everybody into the castle if it rains.

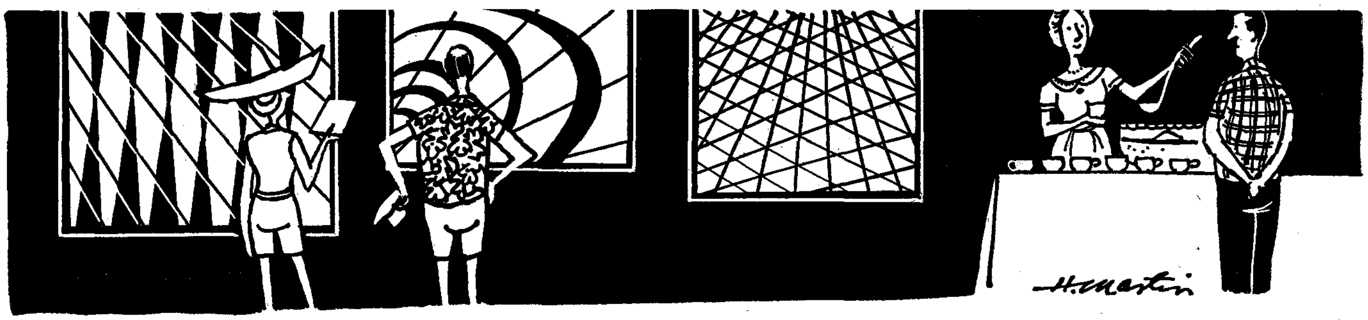
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio will play for dancing on Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, from eight to one.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—As far as the eye can reach through this community center, there is dance floor galore, populated by citizenry indulging in such old-fashioned virtues as the fox trot and the one-step. The music (two bands, no waiting) is equally galore. Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). The dining, by the way, is no more than snack. Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for this shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do up-and-at-'em double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Friday through Monday, July 1-4. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Now, since the Met has



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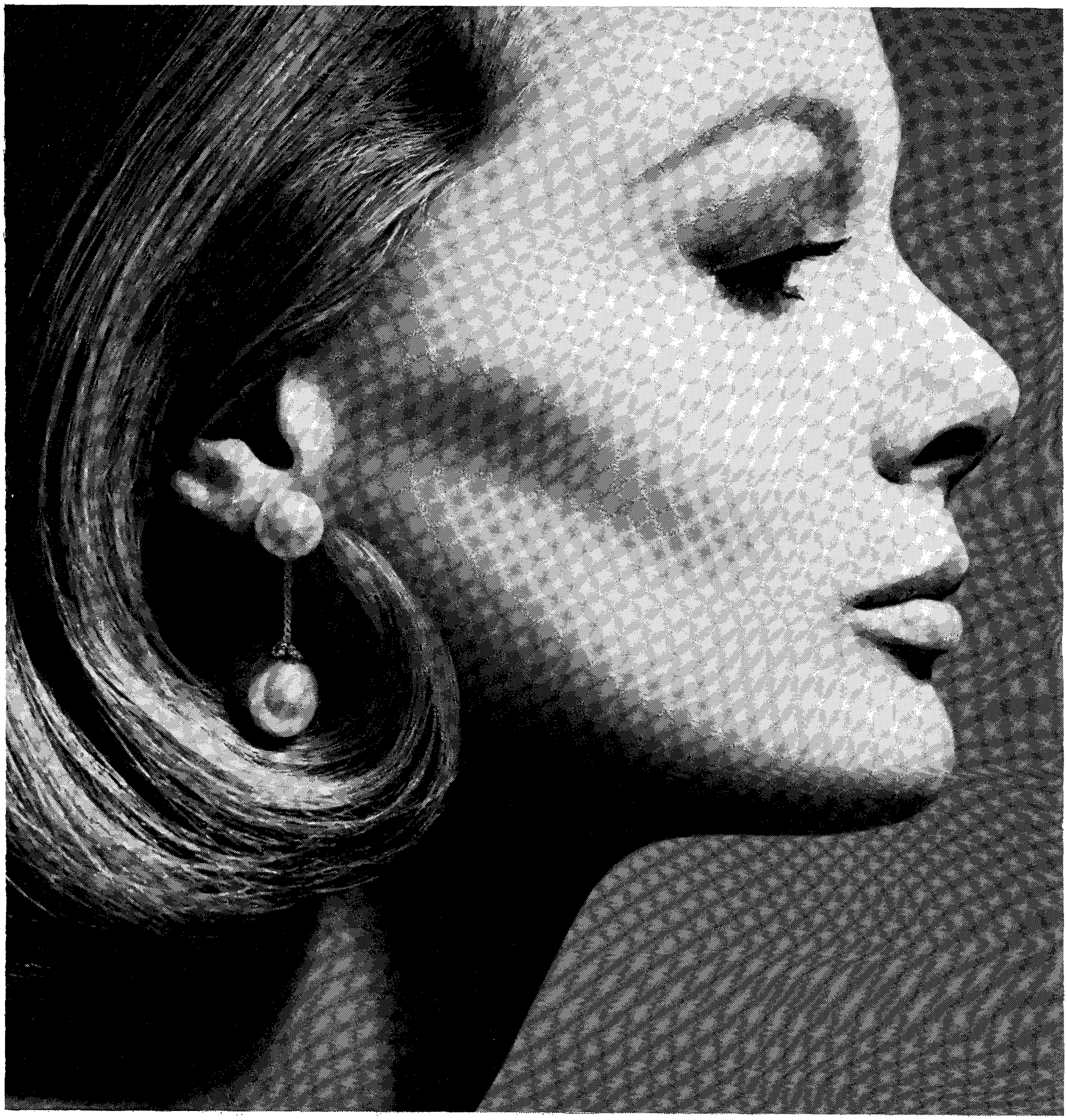

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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shut up shop, this is one of the town's oldest opera houses. Through Sunday, July 3, the activity is "La Serva Padrona," among the regrettably few one-act operas. It's twice a night, and on Tuesday, July 5, the plan is to switch over to "Otello." An easy-does-it dance band also operates each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week and from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the enormously vibrant tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday and Monday, July 3-4. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano in her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sunday, and closes for the summer after Monday, July 4. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave. at 78th St. (734-9777): Characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Ernie Kemm, banging away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew is the Dirty Shames, singing music of the Shattering Sixties. The bustle begins around seven, and lasts and lasts right through the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and goes on until three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. The St. Peter at the gate is not easily outflanked. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real people—the Brotherly Loves—who are there from Tuesday through Thursday each week. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Discothèque music is the mother of invention, and the work of the house dancers is proof of this pudding. Pudding is not on the menu, nor is very much else. Come as you are, and come young.

SMALL AND SERENE

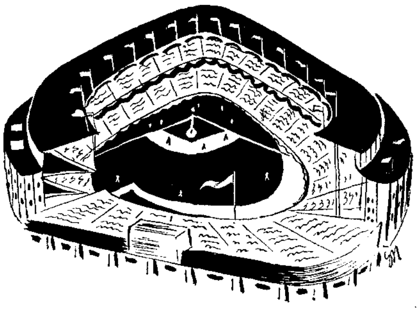
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The King must have been kidding when he put up this grandiose architectural folly, which offers the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi. He is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, there is sedate piano for anyone who is dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to cajolery. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday and Monday, July 3-4. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, Kurt Maier plies a piano with all sorts of goodies, most of them Viennese. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, are helped along by Tony Gorody, whose piano is audible from midevening until after the theatre every night but Sunday, as well as by songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who is on approximately the same shift every night but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and a brisk evening it is. Among the strollers is the brigade of peregrinating performers—violin music, though not for Rome to burn to. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Along this stretch of Bailey's Beach, the piano of George Feyer is distributed from eight-thirty until about two. Mr. F. knows some jokes, too. Closed Sundays and Monday, July 4. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Brook Benton, a singer designed to bring out the yeast in us (in the very young of us, anyway), heads a cast that includes a corps of ballerinas designed for eyes of any age. On Thursday, July 7, a change of scene: Johnny Tillotson as tenor, Dick Lord as humorist—both of them making their trial runs in these parts. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new carnival, straightforwardly and honestly described as "Oriental Fantasy," is now taking place. Its population, rather out of balance (there appear to be three girls for every man), has a distinctly trans-Pacific look. Twice a night is the general rule. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Seeing is simply not believing. What the little ones who live in this hanging garden of Babylon are up to is a costume ball the like of which, etc. Three bands ring out the old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four. No dining.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk is bringing about a reprise of life in the long-lost Ruban Bleu, involving (along with himself as compere) such experienced tomfoolers as Charlotte Rae (words, music) and Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, two gratefully received gifts from Cambridge University. Nine-thirty and onward, except Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival occurs at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two on Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current revue, "Below the Belt," is made up of skits from earlier Upstairs revues. Richard Blair, Madeline Kahn, Genna Carter, Robert Rovin, and Lily Tomlin are involved, and there are performances at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The current idea is hors-d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement. No such thing Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A segment of Cuba Libre, now happily dealing with the quicker-than-the-eye footwork of Roberto Iglesias and his Ballet Español. They deploy at dinner and supper every night, and three times on Saturdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The investigative work done by the piano of Bill Evans is subtle enough to be private-eye. His threesome and the quartet of Coleman Hawkins, that indomitable founding father, take turns. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, which is open every night but Monday, there is music, modernist and coruscating, by Bobby Timmons and Dave Pike's triad. Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Interactions play urgent coffee-and-cakes music. . . . ¶ In the grotto, the great, outgoing, and bountiful voice of Odetta deals with folk music. With her go Chad Mitchell, a worthy singer, too, and the quartet of Roland Kirk, who doubles, triples, and quadruples in brass. Mondays, Symphony Sid's collection of Latin jazz musicians are in charge. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee and whose bent is our folkways. Jake Holmes, the leader of the pack, does not take it with complete seriousness. The life-of-the-party Bitter End Singers are also doing folk

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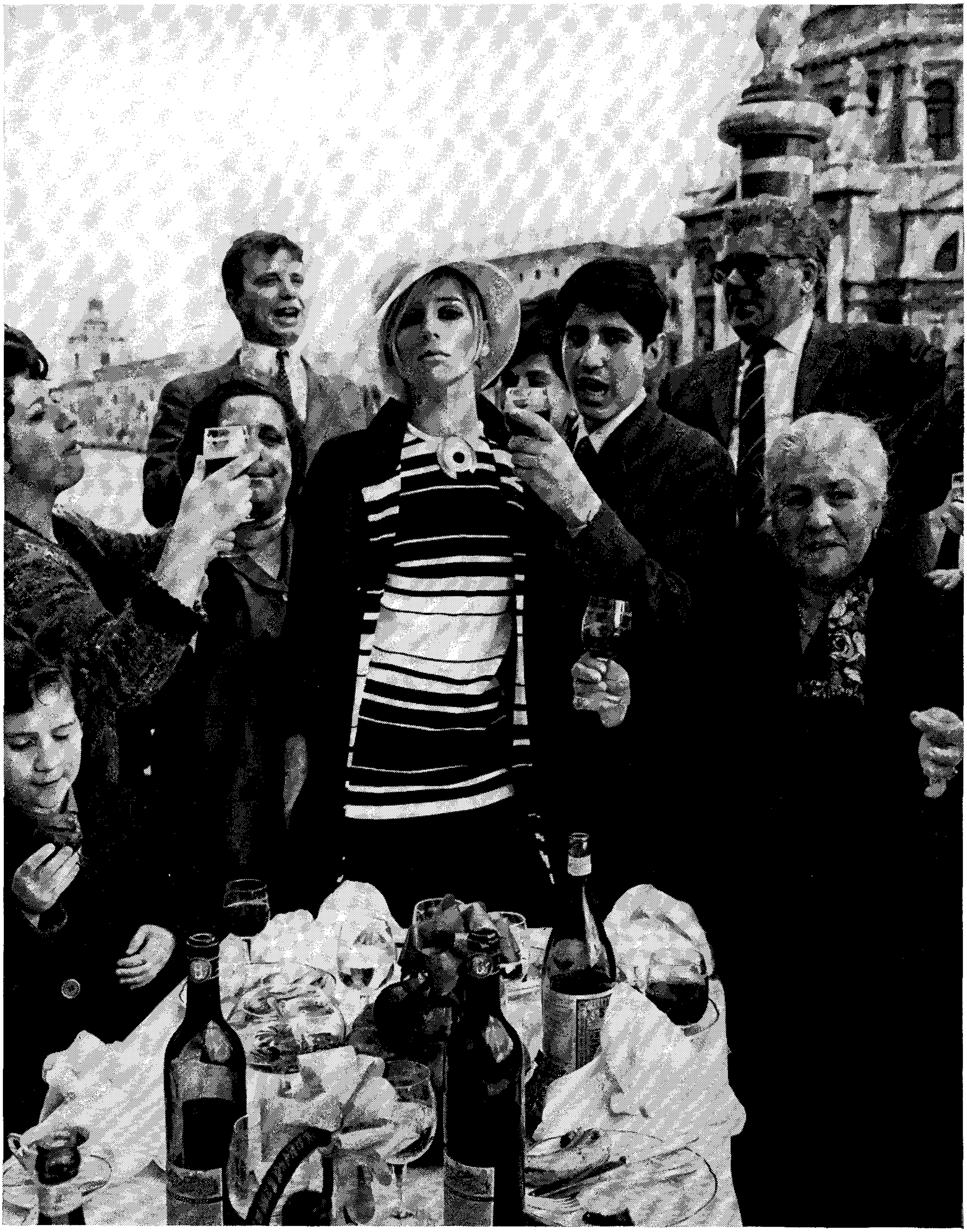

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music; the Uncalled-For 3 are beginning humorists. On Wednesday, July 6, the One and Two-Thirds will succeed the Bitter End Singers. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): At a deer crossing in the thickly forested downtown warehouse enclave, Barry Miles' quintet, an outfit new to most of us, is in charge. Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, it will be joined by Art Farmer's valiant fivesome, in which Jimmy Heath is involved. On Tuesday, July 5, the Farmer contingent will replace the Mileses. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The present incumbents are caroller Sheila Jordan, Hank Mobley's quartet, and the threesome of Jack Reilly. On Tuesday, July 5, they will yield place to Walter Bishop's trio and Irene Reid's soprano. Mondays are given over to the pensive jazz trio in which Daphne Hellman's golden and pastoral harp is concerned. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is available. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a hearty squadron, such as Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Ruby Braff. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gently during dinner, fast-and-furiously after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the very heart of a new young people's Nighttown. The sawdust on the floor, the foam on the beer are stirred at the moment by Joe Henderson's sextet. On Tuesday, July 5, the Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine trio takes over. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Monday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

Emile Bernard and Emile Schuffenecker—Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by both artists, plus three tapestries by Bernard; through July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by such gallery artists as Jack Levine, Bryan Wilson, and Oliver Andrews; through Friday, July 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Thon, Nathan Hale, Robert Vickrey, and other artists regularly associated with the gallery; through Friday, July 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 29. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Renoir; through Aug. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of French posters, ranging from a religious one done in 1749 to Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon; through July 16. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Boudin; through July 29.

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Americans on the Go," an exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs dealing with the westward expansion in America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of abstract sculptures and drawings by Reuben Nakian; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," consisting of oils and works on paper by Gauguin, supplemented by works of artists influenced by him—Vuillard, Matisse, Kandinsky, and Braque, to mention several; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art, dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings, from 1735 to the present, by such artists as Goya, Rouault, George Grosz, and William Gropper; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays, except July 4, through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art—The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Monday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection, including works by Monet, Evergood, Tinguely, and Lichtenstein; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, large welded steel sculptures by Alexander Liberman, who is better known for his paintings; through Sept. 5. (Mondays, except July 4, through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Mondays, except July 4, through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," a selection of works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, except Monday, July 4, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, the opening performances of a three-week "Festival of Stravinsky" that will run through Saturday, July 23—Thursday, June 30, and Tuesday, July 5: Leonard Bernstein conducting "Stravinsky and American Music," with Julius Baker, flute; Albert Goltzer, oboe; and William Vacchiano, trumpet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7: Lukas Foss directing "Stravinsky and the 18th Century," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, and Tuesday, July 12: Ernest Ansermet directing "Stravinsky and French Music," with Yvette Mimieux, narrator; Mr. Simoneau; Pierre Cochereau, organ; and the Camerata Singers. (Evenings at 8:30.)

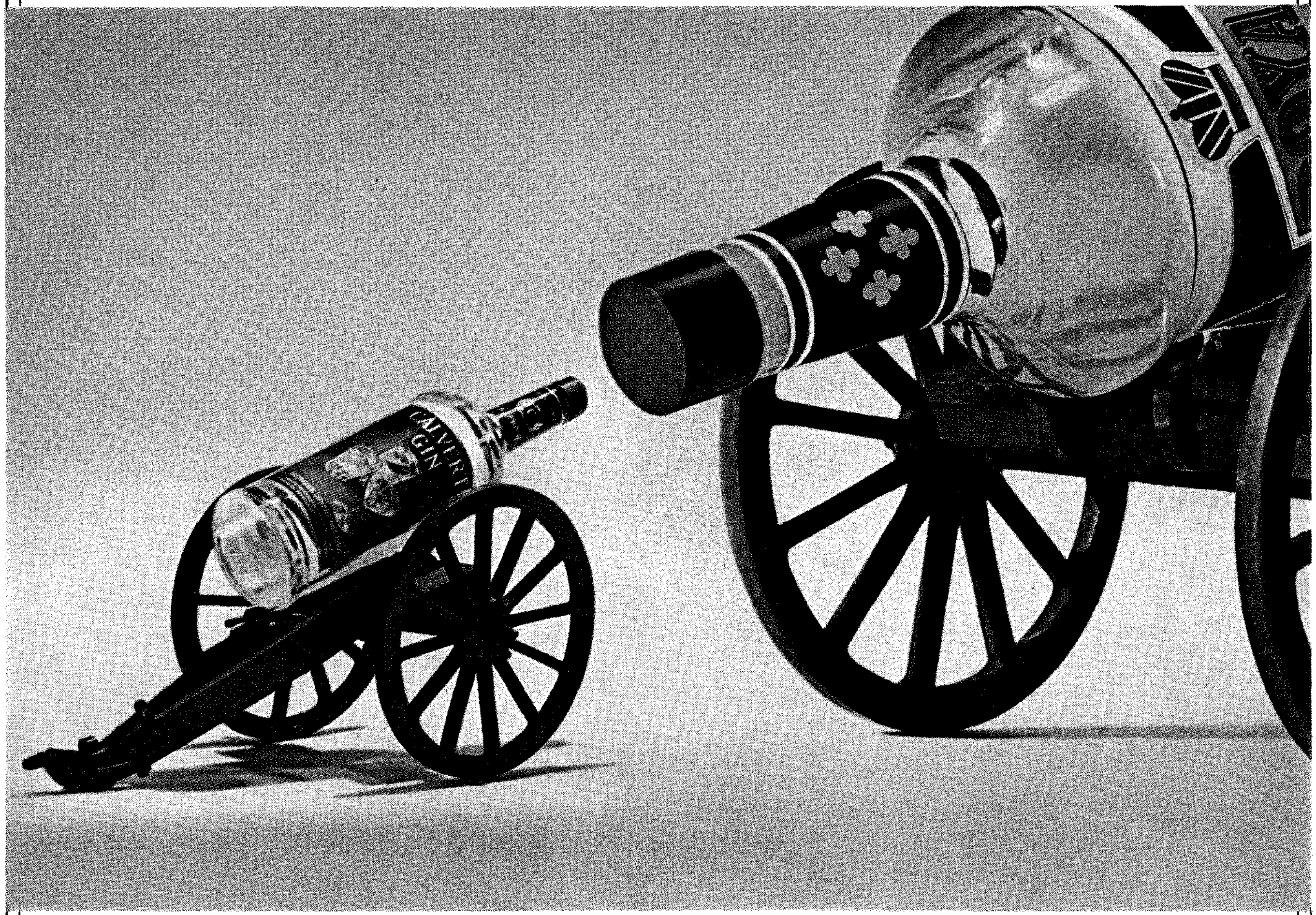
Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**LEWISOHN STADIUM**: Friday, July 1: George Schick directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "La Bohème" in concert form, with Renata Tebaldi and Laurel Hurley, sopranos; John Alexander, tenor; Russell Christopher, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2: Lieutenant Colonel William H. Schempf conducting the United States Military (West Point) Band, to be followed by George Schick conducting the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, with, for goodness' sake, Pat Boone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 5: Franz Allers conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 6: Jan Behr and Roscoe Cole conducting the orchestra, with Patti Page. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8: Joseph Rosenstock directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Don Giovanni" in concert form, with Beverly Sills, Mary Ellen Pracht, and Loretta Di Franco, sopranos; Gene Boucher, baritone; and Justino Díaz and Fernando Corena, basses. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9: Victor Borge conducting the orchestra and playing the piano, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 13.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL**: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, June 30: "Tosca." . . . Tuesday, July 5: "Aïda." . . . Thursday, July 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Evenings at 8.) . . . ¶ Samuel Krachmalnick conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Aldo Parisot, cello. (Monday, July 4, at 8:30.) . . . **EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE**: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, June 30, at 8:30: Earl Hines' septet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7, at 8:30: The Lee Konitz quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday,

Calvert Gin
vs.
The British Gin Empire



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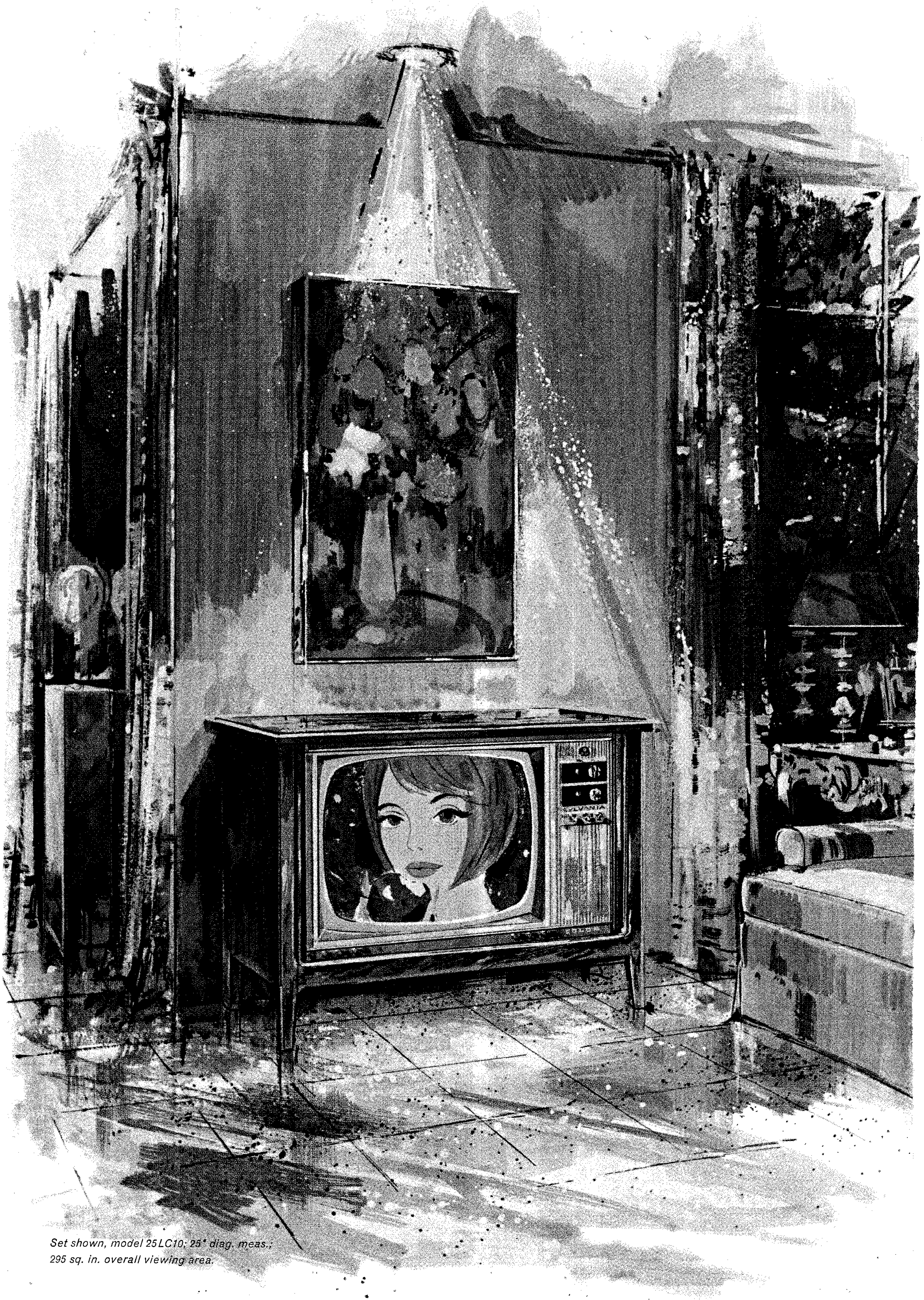

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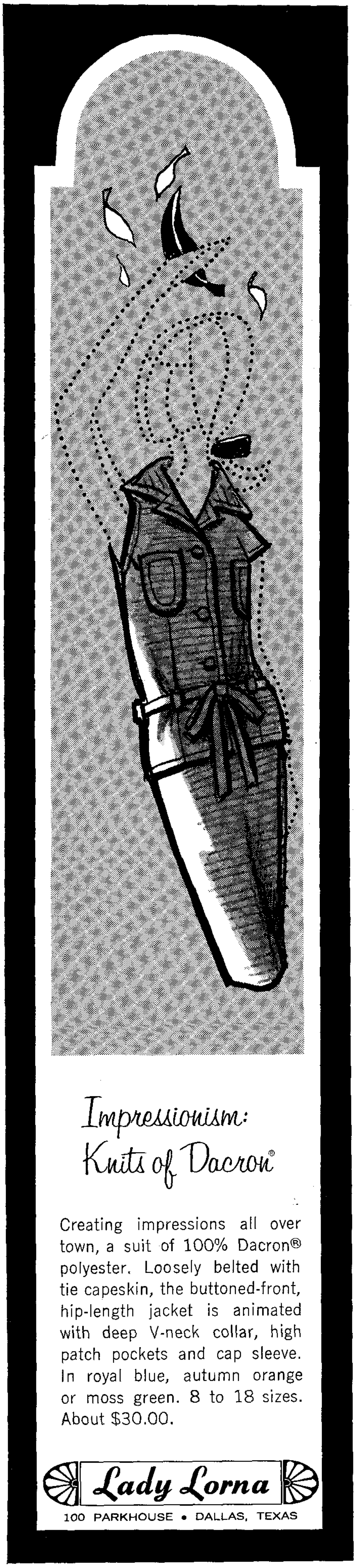

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 21—Saturday, July 2, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Mahler program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Abbey Simon, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 7: An all-Mozart program performed by Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano, and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Three all-Mozart programs performed by a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members. Friday, July 8, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . Saturday, July 9, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Frank. . . . Sunday, July 10, at 2:30: Sir Adrian Boult conducting, with Mr. Frager. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 9, at 3:30: Josh White. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton's band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, July 1, at 8: Dave Brubeck's quartet (with Paul Desmond), Jimmy Smith's trio, Gerry Mulligan, Buddy Rich, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Esther Phillips, Archie Shepp's quartet (with Roswell Rudd), and the Florida Jazz Quintet; Father Norman O'Connor, narrator. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 2: John Coltrane's quintet, Horace Silver's quintet, Charles Lloyd's quartet, and Bill Dixon's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Stan Getz's quartet, Nina Simone, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Joe Williams, Charlie Byrd's trio, and the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones orchestra (with Bobby Brookmeyer and Hank Jones). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 2: "The Herman Herds," with Woody Herman's orchestra, Stan Getz, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8: "Ella and Duke," with Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington's Orchestra, Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry, Coleman Hawkins, and Buddy Rich. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 1: "Guitar Workshop," with Charlie Byrd, Kenny Burrell, George Benson, Grant Green, and Attila Zoller. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 2:30: "Trumpet Workshop," with Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, Thad Jones, Howard McGhee, Ruby Braff, Kenny Dorham, Clark Terry, Carl Warwick, Roy Eldridge, and Freddie Hubbard; Billy Taylor narrator. . . . ¶ Monday, July 4, at 8: Miles Davis's quintet, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Herbie Mann's octet, Count Basie's orchestra, and Father Tom Vaughn's trio; Leonard Feather, narrator. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400.)

Note—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL**: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 2: Edward Villella and his company (with Patricia McBride); Barton Mumaw; and Nala Najan and Sasha. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 5-9: Glen Tetley and his company (with Carmen de Lavallade), and Pauline Koner. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.) . . . **SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**: The New York City Ballet Company is opening the first annual festival with a three-week season that ends on Sunday, July 31. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be presented Friday, July 8 (benefit preview), through Sunday, July 10. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, June 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 1, at 8; Saturday, July 2, at 2; and Sunday, July 3, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Monday, July 4, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, July 5, at 2; Wednesday, July 6, at 1 (doubleheader); and Thursday, July 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 8, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, July 9, at 2:15.

Crew—Trials for American entries in the World Rowing Championships, to be held in September at Bled, Yugoslavia. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 7-10.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT**: Thursday, June 30, at 1:30. . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, July 1, through Saturday, July 30. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 2; the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 4; and the Tremont, Wednesday, July 6. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 2, and the Monmouth Oaks, Monday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Monday, July 4, at 9 A.M.

Tennis—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquet Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 3.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 4-8, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Monday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: July 10, July 19-24, July 26-27, and Aug. 9-14. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: July 14-18 and July 29-Aug. 7.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Joey Archer, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. July 13.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. July 27-29.) . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Aug. 4-7.) . . ¶ Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Aug. 10-14.)

Horse Shows—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 2-6.) . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 6.)

Racing—At **SARATOGA**: Aug. 1-27. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 8-Oct. 11.

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: July 23 and Aug. 13.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. July 18-24.) . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 25-31.) . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Aug. 8-14.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: July 25-Oct. 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 16-23.)

Music—Newport Opera Festival, at Newport, R. I., July 12-16. . . . ¶ Newport Folk Festival, July 21-24. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Orchestra Mozart Festival, at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424), Aug. 1-27. . . . ¶ The Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 4-24.

CANOE
90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS FRANCE
EAU DE
COLOGNE
Dana
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Le Bonheur—A young Parisian cabinetmaker loves his wife and loves his mistress. He thinks this should make everyone very happy, but he is wrong. A strange and beautiful picture, written and directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright chronicle of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 3.)

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Engagement Italiano—The end of the affair between a paunchy prankster and a much younger woman, as set forth in a rather broad but often funny satire. The setting is Rome. The principals are Annie Girardot and Rossano Brazzi. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Group—A long movie about some girls who got out of Vassar in '33 and were fairly miserable by '39. From the novel by Mary McCarthy and directed by Sidney Lumet, with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, Hal Holbrook, and a great many others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 3.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren and Paul Newman, in a preposterous comedy distinguished by the fact that Peter Ustinov wrote the screenplay and directed it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Mandragola—A cheerful, bawdy, and decorative movie, based on a satiric comedy by Machiavelli and set in Florence in 1500. Alberto Lattuada is responsible for the clear, mercurial direction. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 5.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 5.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

REVIVALS

The Best Man (1964)—A political melodrama by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 4-5.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 30.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 5.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 1-5.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "The Tramp," "Triple Trouble," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 1-5.)

Il Federale (1965)—Ugo Tognazzi and Georges Wilson in a satire about the adventures of an Army sergeant and an elderly leader of the underground. Formerly called "The Fascist." In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 30.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through July 5.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 3.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 6.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 30.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 6.)

Shane (1953)—How the evil cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 4-5.)

Il Successo (1965)—Vittorio Gassman in a comedy about a businessman on the make. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 6.)

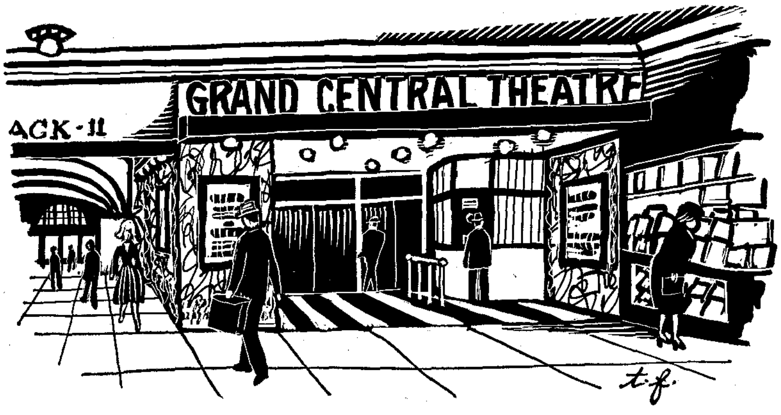
Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 6.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowmen. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—June 30 at 2, 5:30, and 8; July 1 at 2 and 5:30; and July 2 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: A program of seven experimental films from Japan. . . . ¶ July 3-4, showings at 2 and 5:30: "The Unholy Three" (1930), with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ July 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Don't Bite Your Dentist" (1930) and "Shove Off" (1931), both directed by Edward Cline. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through July 4: Seven U.P.A. cartoons and twelve boxing films. . . . ¶ Starting July 5: "The Barbershop" (1933), "The Fatal Glass of Beer" (1933), "The Pharmacist" (1933), and "The Dentist" (1932), all with W. C. Fields. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"A Fine Madness," Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Glass Bottom Boat," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Naked Prey," Cornel Wilde.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
CAMILLE, revival; and **NINOTCHKA**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 5: **MARY POPPINS**, revival.
From July 6: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES**, revival.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Endless Summer," a documentary film on surfing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"A Fine Madness," Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
LE BONHEUR (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MORGAN!

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 3: **THE GROUP**; and **DARLING.**
July 4-5: **SHANE**, revival; and "Red River," revival, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne.
From July 6: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 5: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From July 6 (tentative): "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Sallah" (in Hebrew), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
MY FAIR LADY.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 5: **MARY POPPINS**, revival.
From July 6: "3 on a Couch," Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 30: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
July 1-5: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
From July 6: **THE TRIAL**, revival; **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
June 30: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.
From July 1: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MY FAIR LADY.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 5: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
From July 6: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 4: "Stagecoach," Ann-Margret; and "Spy in Your Eye," Brett Halsey, Pier Angeli.
July 5: "Rose Marie," revival, Ann Blyth, Howard Keel; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From July 6: "Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!," Bob Hope, Elke Sommer; and "Secret Agent Fireball," Richard Harrison.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"A Fine Madness," Sean Connery, Joanne Woodward.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through July 6: "The Magnificent Concubine" and "Bride-Napping" (both with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders; and "Children of the Damned," revival, Ian Hendry.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
ENGAGEMENT ITALIANO (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Sweet Light in a Dark Room," a Czechoslovakian film.

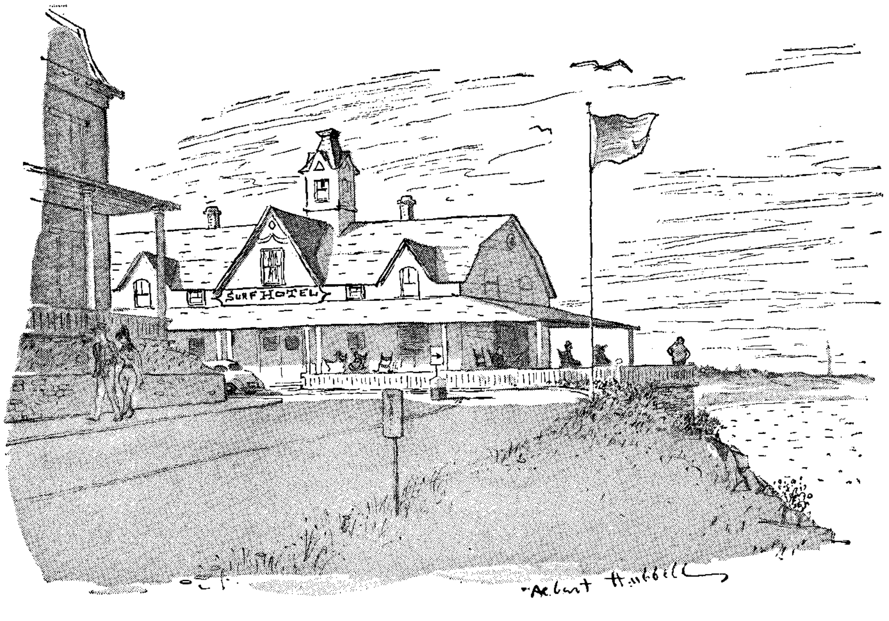
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.

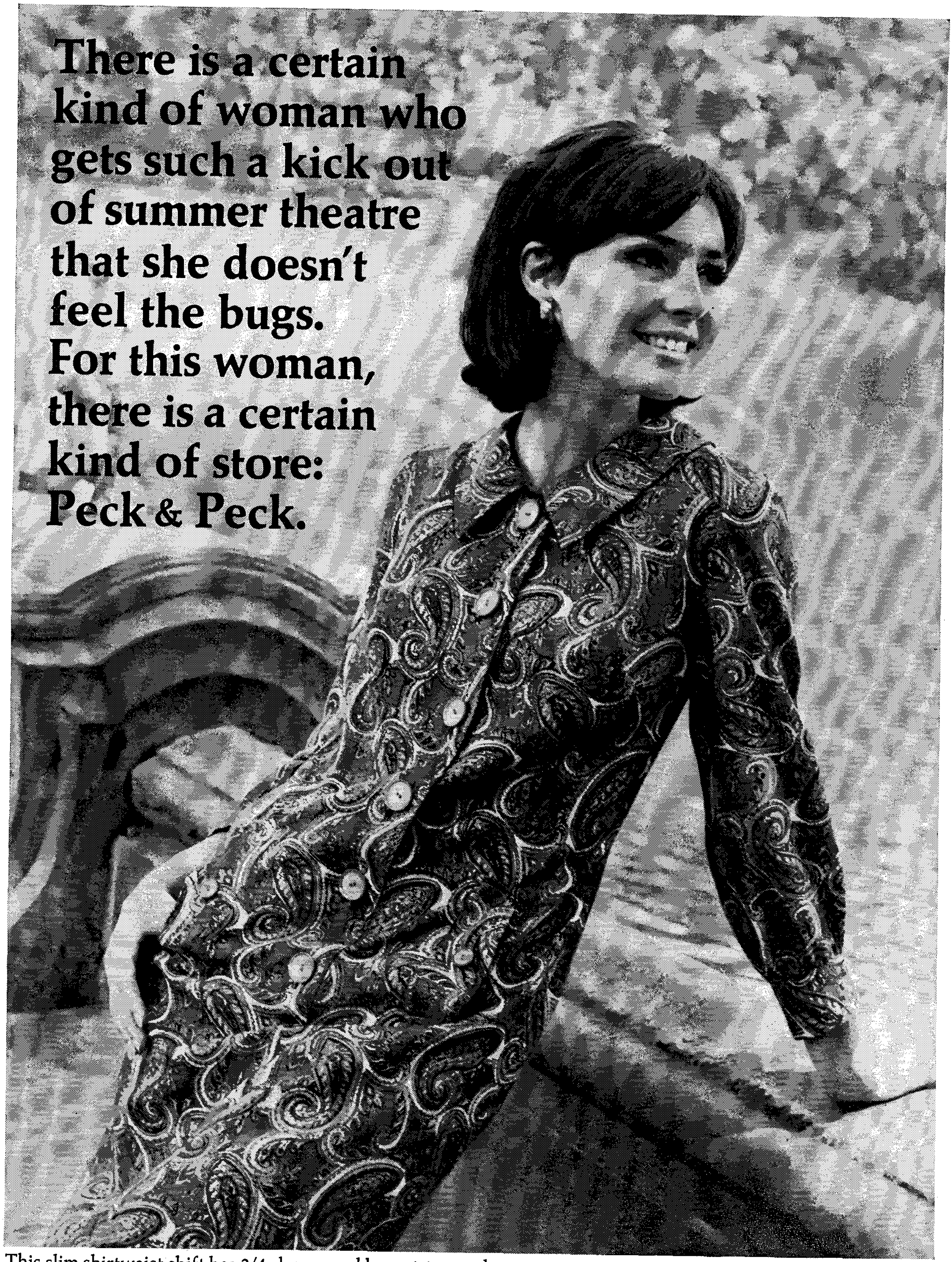
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 3: **MISTER ROBERTS**, revival; and "The Ox-Bow Incident," revival, Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews.
July 4-5: **THE BEST MAN**, revival; and "The Male Animal," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Henry Fonda.
From July 6: "Young Mr. Lincoln," revival, Henry Fonda; and "The Fugitive," revival, Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 5: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and "The Collector," revival, Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From July 6: "Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!," Bob Hope, Elke Sommer; and "Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 30: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
July 1: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
July 2: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** and **WINTER LIGHT** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
July 3: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
July 4: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
July 5: **IL FEDERALE** (in Italian; formerly called "The Fascist"), revival; and **IL SUCCESSO** (in Italian), revival.
July 6: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.




There is a certain kind of woman who gets such a kick out of summer theatre that she doesn't feel the bugs. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

This slim shirtwaist shift has 3/4 sleeves and honest-to-goodness side pockets. Rayon challis paisley. Oh, wonderful paisley, in navy, red or royal (all with lots of gold). 8 to 16, 30.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK / CHICAGO / BOSTON / PHILADELPHIA / PITTSBURGH / ROCHESTER / BALTIMORE / DETROIT / AKRON / CLEVELAND
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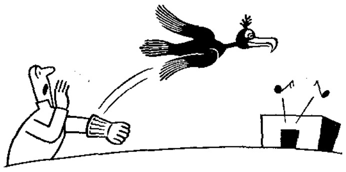
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE are years (1941, 1960) when, for better or worse, another record is put on the phonograph, and then there are years when history sticks in a groove and repeats itself, peats itself, peats itself. This feels like one of those years. Any morning's newspaper will do for every morning. Vietnam churns on without hope of even a scourging hopelessness; the civil-rights movement, once so dramatic a crusade, has bogged down in a morass of legislation that doesn't seem to matter, marches that don't arrive anywhere, inconclusive heroism, bland villainy, and sociological analyses as acute as they are impotent. The federal government, having gathered to itself all power, seems mired in the intrinsic limitations of imposed authority. The market sags this way and that; the crime rate shrugs upward; the urban Negro sinks toward desperation; and we seem to have heard it all too many times. The falcon not only cannot hear the falconer but has ceased to listen, and is off doing the Bird in the commercialized pandemonium of a Frug house, where the music repeats itself, peats itself. Art, whose forward velocity was once thrilling, seems stuck with Op or with kinetic, whose motions, real or apparent, are nothing but hypnotic. Indeed, our state might be described as one of pained hypnosis; we feel bathed in a kind of stale static, as if we were being poorly received on someone else's television set. It may be that progress, that late-medieval artifact, is itself obsolete, and mankind is being readied for the interminable and homogeneous future already present in the naked androgyny of our fashions. Or it may be that the hypnotist will snap his fingers, and we will blink awake, unable to believe it was really us at that happening, quacking like a duck.



Ms and FeMs at the Biltmore

NORTH AMERICAN MENSA, a club for people of superior intelligence, held its Annual Gathering the other weekend at the Biltmore. To join Mensa, candidates must prove, through tests, that they have higher I.Q.s than at least ninety-eight per cent of the rest of humanity. Mensa was founded in Britain in 1945. North American Mensa was established only six years ago, but it has become the largest subdivision of the organization, with more than ten thousand members in the United States and Canada. Mensa cannot be called leftist, rightist, uppist, downist, in, or out, for its constitution forbids any declaration of opinion on a Mensa-wide scale. Mensa's aim is simply to bring together the brightest people in the world, so that their brains may interact to the benefit of themselves and of their fellow-men, and so that they may feel less lonely as they follow their otherwise separate paths.

Naturally, we felt complimented when we were invited to lunch with the Ms and FeMs at the Mensa A.G. Mensa people speak in a marvellously unbent, unfolded, unmutilated syntax that draws heavily on initials. An M is a Mensa member who is male. A FeM is a Mensa member who is female. There is a young-adult Mensa group called YaM. The A.G. is the Annual Gathering. And a sign at the entryway to the Palm Court of the Biltmore, under the clock, said, "This way if you have P.A.I.D." We arrived at eleven-thirty, to find that a morning business meeting—closed to the press—was still in session in the Madison Room, next to the Palm Court. Explosive shouts were coming from inside. We learned later that S.I.G.R.I.M.—a Seriously Interested Group for Reform in Mensa—was in there hacking away at the parliamentary defenses of the Establishment. One of S.I.G.R.I.M.'s several grievances was that the leadership had denied S.I.G.R.I.M. the right to call itself a Special Interest Group, so S.I.G.R.I.M. had been forced to settle for Seriously Interested Group instead. We could not see into the room, but we heard one man bellow "Point of order!" five or six times and another propose a new faction, to be called S.I.E.G. H.E.I.L. A large man came out of the room looking exasperated and said, "Every nut in New York is in there. They voted on a resolution, and forty per cent of them don't know what they voted for."

Pretending not to notice, we began to look through a variety of Mensa publications that were set out on tables in the Palm Court. One fact sheet noted that there were ten thousand two hundred members, "of whom seven thousand five hundred and eight are male; two thousand six hundred and eighty-nine are female; and there is no information on the remaining three Ms." In *Charisma, The New York Mensa Literary Review,* we read a poem called "Icelandia," beginning "Iceland is a nice land to live in," and a poem called "Interrupted Cliché," which is here given in its entirety: "Of all the sorry works of men, the sadist." A geographical breakdown of the Mensa membership listed Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island as the states of New England. Connecticut and northern Virginia were included in the Middle Atlantic category. ("Our statistical system is new," an M later explained. "There are still a few bugs in it.") We learned that fifty per cent of the Mensa members are college graduates. In the "Personals" column of the June, 1966, *Mensa Bulletin* we read, "Avid Ray Walston fan seeks M support in all-out effort to save 'My Favorite Martian,' " and an ad that said, "M—28, tall, lean, and considered handsome. Spent last few years traveling the world and I'm tired. College grad, athlete, loves all the beautiful things in life and is an incurable romantic. Is there a FeM somewhere in the vicinity who is good-looking, honestly sincere, and fed up with the average man?"

We wondered what was going to come out through that door when the business session ended and the group moved to the lunch, in another room. Our first guess—angry, bearded, fistic geniuses—had given way to a vision of bleached poets. Then, suddenly, they came—something over two hundred and fifty Ms and FeMs, the assembled members of North American Mensa. There were men in cord jackets, women in pastel summer suits, pretty young girls with long, silky hair, people who looked to us like salesmen, engineers, students, housewives, schoolteachers. Unless one happened to know the truth, one would never have suspected that extraordinary reservoirs of intelligence underlay their familiar and reassuring appearance.

The lunch was served at large round tables—appropriately, for the name "Mensa" is meant to suggest that the group is a round-table society of equals. They came not only from New York but also from California, Wyoming, Virginia, Massachusetts, New Mexico. There was a carpet salesman from Louisiana, with his wife; a woman who teaches English at Seton Hall University; an installer of computers; several computer programmers; two Canadian college students; several high-school students; a *Life* space salesman; an electrical engineer. On our left was a man who is chief engineer of a rubber company in New Jersey; he is an M.I.T. graduate and recently moved East from Akron. On our right was a Yale sophomore, and next to him was a management consultant. The Yale student told us that there are Mensa activities going on in New York City almost every day—hikes around Manhattan, study groups in Esperanto and Chinese, a Mensa lunch in a different restaurant each day of the working week. On Thursdays, the restaurant is the Playboy Club. The consultant, who wore black-rimmed glasses and had a fine-line mustache, sensed the presence of a non-M. He turned to us and said, "Are you here in a reportorial capacity?"

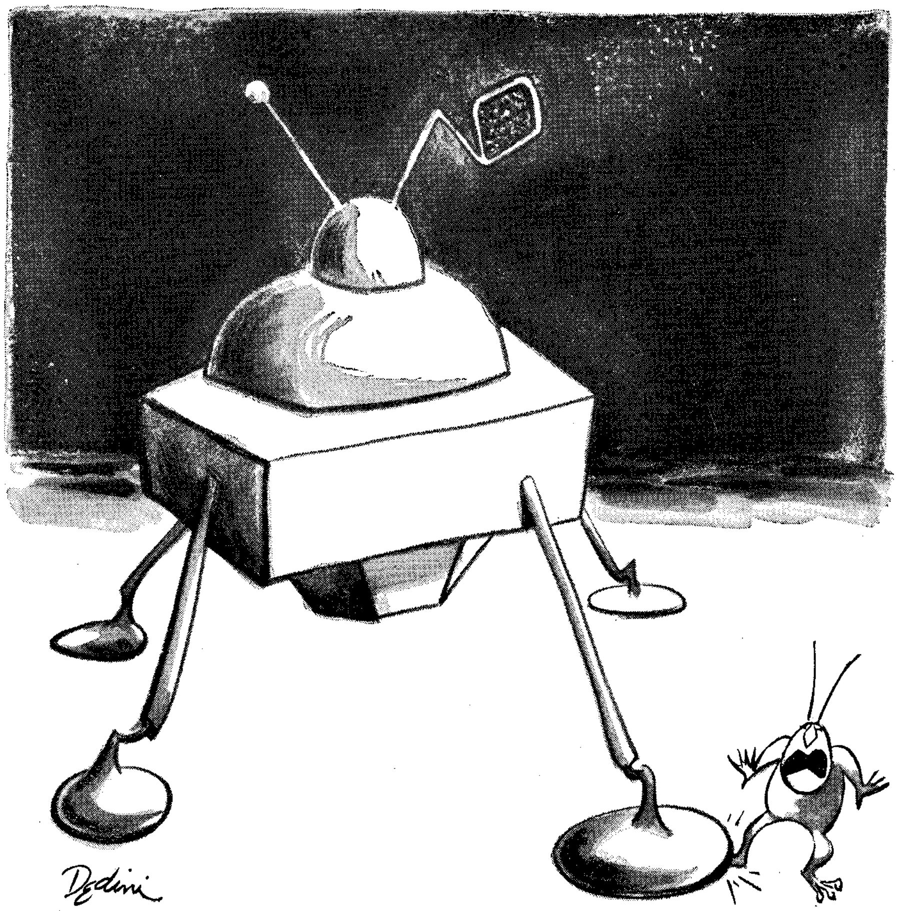
"Yes," we said, feeling our status plunge and go on plunging until it bottomed out at the twentieth percentile.

"This is a really heterogeneous group," the consultant said. "The only thing we have in common is our intelligence level. You don't meet anyone who's weird. You don't meet anyone who's crazy. We are a giant conversational community. We talk about any idea, on any subject. We're vociferous not only about internal Mensa problems but also about philosophy, mathematics, education, art, psychology, history, and religion. If you're intelligent, your interests are not limited to one field. Mensa is the only organization that selects its members by a scientific process, but you wouldn't know a Mensa member if you passed him on the street. We are like everyone else. Intelligence does not show in the face or the personality. I saw a man this morning in Grand Central who looked lost and dishevelled, and I said to myself, 'There's a real idiot.' I saw him an hour later here at the Mensa meeting. He's an M."

We asked the consultant what had attracted him to Mensa.

"I saw an ad in a newspaper," he said. "I have always had an aversion to joining organizations, because it is possible to get into one and six months later find it migrating to Moscow. But, constitutionally, that can't happen in Mensa. Curiosity brings most people into Mensa. They wonder what it would feel like to go into a room full of intelligent people and hear them talk. Mensa people are very discreet about their I.Q.s. They never compare them. I feel that I myself would have done better if there had not been mosquitoes in the room when I took the test. The intellectual doesn't have a place in society. He's homeless. He's rootless. Mensa is about the only home base for intellectuals, excluding the university environment. Some people use universities for the same purpose, or professional colleagues, but these sources are very limited."

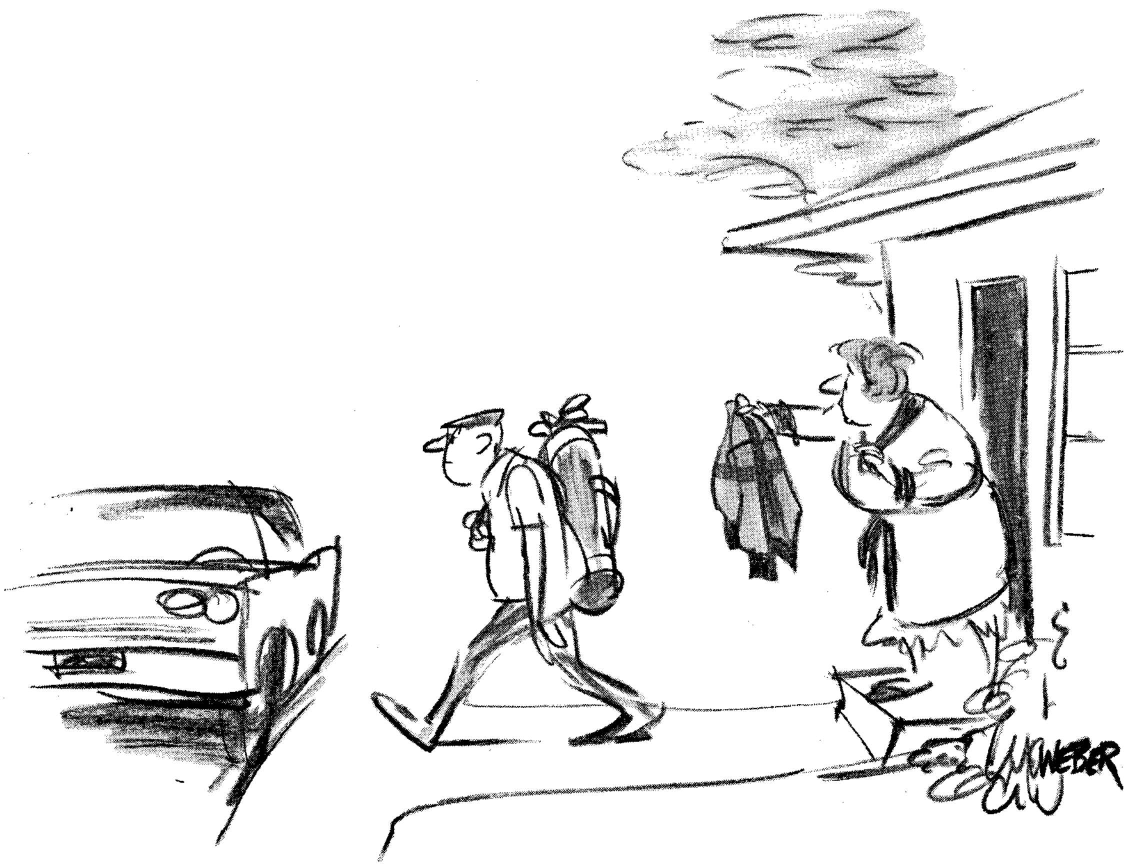
The keynote speaker of the day was Isaac Asimov, the Boston University biochemistry professor who writes science-fiction novels, and he proved on this occasion to be a first-rate stand-up comedian. The keynote was a series of jokes, some of which he told twice. He said he imagined that all the people in the room—put together—were brighter than he was. He explained evolution to them in fresh terms; it was really survival of the weakest, for the fish left



the ocean not because they were ambitious but because they were crowded out.

More speakers and much discussion followed, through the afternoon. "It's a pleasure to talk to a group that is representative of the I.Q. élite," one speaker said. "The structure of society discriminates against people of extraordinary intelligence. Society expects intelligent people to be strange, then creates the circumstances that guarantee this will be true." There was some laughter and a bit of applause.

An M spoke up sharply from the floor. "Are you suggesting that we hide our light under a blanket?" he asked.



"Wait! You forgot your Arnold Palmer windbreaker!"

Policy Decision

A LADY who works for the Peace Corps in Thailand writes us that she was somewhat surprised to read in an English-language Bangkok newspaper that Thailand owns land on Staten Island, and was even more surprised to learn from the item that the Buddhist Council had decided not to build a temple on Staten Island, "because it is in a barren site, difficult to reach and far from eating facilities for worshippers," and "also it is necessary to cross the sea from New York to reach the island, after which a long journey inland is required."

Diving Horses, and a Three-Sheet on a Downtown Corner

A THOUGHTFUL-LOOKING horse named Lorgah stood at the top of a narrow forty-foot tower while Lorena Carver, a grandmotherly woman wearing a flowered raincoat, stood at the rim of a tank of water far below, waving a carrot and crooning, "Come ahead, Lorgah! Come, my pet!" Lorgah—bearing a pretty blonde named Lynne Jordan, who wore a bathing suit and a white football helmet with orange stars on it—shook his mane a couple of times, gazed around, whinnied, and then began chewing the padding on the sides of the platform. Bits of stuffing drifted down. Lorgah, Lynne, the tower, the tank, Miss Carver, and the carrot were all at the end of the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, where, despite a heavy fog, Miss Carver was conducting some last-minute test flights of her Diving Horses—an act that has been running almost continuously in Atlantic City for the past thirty-six years.

"The horses all enjoy diving," Miss Carver had told us a few minutes before. "In fact, they don't like a low tower after they've been on a high one. They don't look at the water. They're looking at me, standing there in my raincoat with the carrot, and then they jump. After twenty-five years of it, I quit diving myself in '38. Before that, I was very sylphlike." She smiled. "I have dived in every state except South Dakota, and all over the world. I once broke three ribs on a seventy-two-foot jump, and in Mexico I broke my arm in eight places. When we were in midair, an earthquake came, and the horse hit the side of the tower." She led us to some stalls under the grandstand to show us the horses. "I was never scared of the height," she continued. "I always kept my eyes open on the way down, and watched the shadow of the horse on the water, and I could tell how he was going to hit." She opened the door of a stall. "Hello, baby," she said to a brown horse inside. "Hello, my pet." She gave him a carrot, and a pat on the nose. "This is Dawson's Kem. Over here"—she gave a carrot to a black horse in the next stall—"is Powder Face. The diving horses began with my father. Out in Nebraska." She opened the door of another stall. "This is Lorgah. Lorgah's my fatso." She gave him a carrot. "My father was the world's champion shot—Dr. W. F. Carver. He shot for all the crowned heads. I found a contract he signed for the diving horses that was dated 1878, in Ames, Iowa."

Lynne Jordan, the blond rider, joined us, wearing a checked suit. "This is my first season on the horses, but I rode the porpoises here in the water show a few seasons back," she said, with a fetching smile. "The diving horses had been my ambition since I was little. My sister, Sara Detwiler, rode here in 1956 and 1957, and I never missed the show. I held the towel for Sara. The actual dive is a complete thrill. You don't even know you hit the water; you come up wet and you don't even know why. The splash is tremendous. There's no practice for this; it's something you can do or can't. You have to like swimming, and water, and horses, and show business. I have a younger sister, and I imagine she'd love to do this after me. Or maybe someday I'll have a girl of my own." She smiled again, and excused herself to go and get into her bathing suit and helmet.

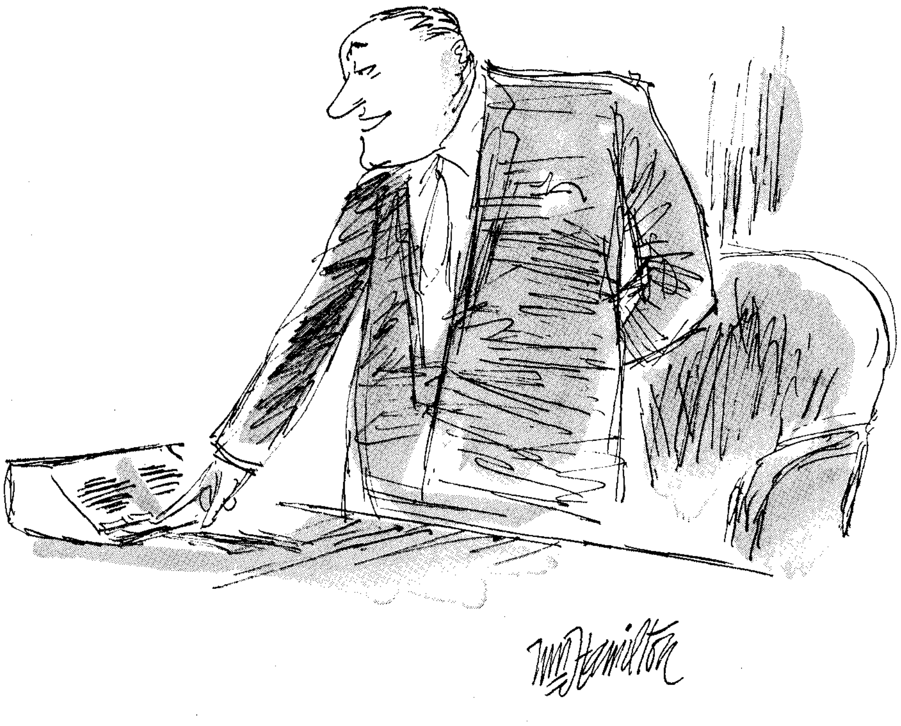
We had made the trip to Atlantic City by bus a few hours earlier with Bill

Doll, an easygoing, genial press agent of considerable charm, who insists upon being called a press agent—not a public-relations counsellor, or anything like that. Doll, who has a staff of fifteen, currently handles publicity for the Steel Pier, Silly Putty, the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, and a number of other activities, including a water show—the Aquarama—and a heavyweight boxer. “I get all the strange ones,” he told us as we rolled across New Jersey, “and I’m delighted I do. I have captive whales in the Aquarama, and I’ve had a talking horse. The talking horse was named Lady, came from Lexington, Kentucky, made predictions, and helped apprehend some kidnappers in Boston. Used to beat out letters with her foot. She stopped talking for thirteen years, then started again. Mike Todd—I worked for him for twenty years—wanted to put her in the Garden. He told me to arrange it, and then he left for Europe. Well, I thought, I’m going to be here with the Garden full of people, and what if the horse doesn’t talk? I called Maurice Zolotow, the writer, and he said, ‘Lady’s an old fake. If you don’t believe it, ask her if she knows another horse that can do the same act.’ I cancelled the show. Mike Todd was a press agent’s dream. He used to say, ‘We plan the publicity before we buy the property.’ He could be mean and arrogant and rough, but he was wonderful to me, and he let me alone. He was an instinctive showman, and he could hit it right on the nose.” Doll handled Todd’s mighty “Around the World in 80 Days” birthday party for eighteen thousand guests at Madison Square Garden. “It was a debacle,” said Doll, “but nobody’s ever forgotten it.”

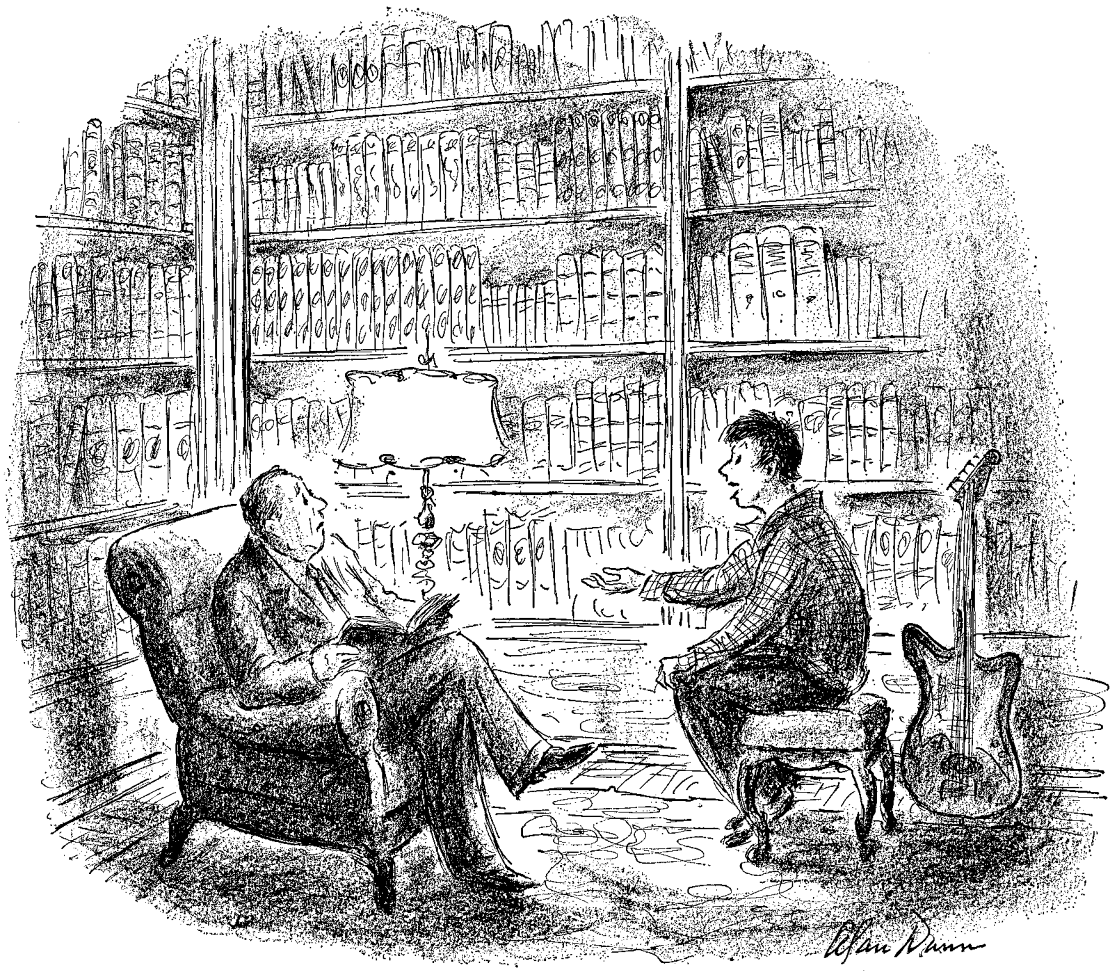
We asked Doll about his early days in the business.

“I came to town from West Virginia in ’33,” he said. “By ’34, I was a reporter on the *Herald Tribune*, but I was soon fired. The next day, I became a press agent. In those days, when there were hundreds of shows touring the country all the time, a lot of renegade guys were attracted to being press agents. They vied to see who could dump a truckload of pennies in front of a theatre, and stage a tug-of-war in Times Square, and things like that. George Alabama Florida was one. He was on the road every season for about sixty-five years. And there was Elmer Kenyon, with the bow tie—erudite and very dignified. And Ned Alvord, the Deacon. He used to wear a cutaway and a derby. His big trick was he used to go out with the dirtiest paper—posters of naked dames, and everything—and he’d tack all this dirty paper up all over town, and then go to his hotel room, call up a few ministers, and then go to see them in his cutaway, protesting the dirty show. The ministers would berate the show from the pulpit, and that was the making of it.” Doll beamed. “In the early days, I’d hire what was called a Second Man—a billposter. Now, paper comes in various sizes. A window card is a half-sheet. A one-sheet is the size of two window cards, and a theatre poster—like those you see around Broadway—is a three-sheet. A billboard is twenty-four sheets. Well, an old-time Second Man would go into town with a bucket of paste, a magnetic hammer, and a mouthful of tacks, and he’d take great pride in a three-sheet on a downtown corner. I always took along a Second Man named Kid Koster—a big, strapping, handsome guy who had survived the circus wars, when the rival poster guys used to use clubs on each other—and Kid Koster was always in trouble. He was an artiste; there was the temptation for him to put paper where he shouldn’t. Well, I’d get complaints, and I’d send Kid out to repair the damage. You can’t peel that stuff off, though, so Kid carried paper in all sizes that said simply, ‘Go to Church on Sunday.’ He’d just slap one of those over the other poster, and who could complain about that? Then, there was Jake Meyer, another old-timer, who got caught putting three-sheets all over Grant’s Tomb. They hauled him in, and the judge said, ‘Don’t you know you can’t put those things up without permission?’ Jake said, ‘Judge, I knocked, but nobody answered.’ ”

Doll looked out the window. The sky in the direction of Atlantic City was ominous. “Oh, oh!” he said. “Looks like rain. Oh, well, we’ll pick up some umbrellas and raincoats if we need to. The horses are waterproof.” He sat back, and resumed, “My first show in New York was George Abbott’s ‘Three Men on a Horse,’ and it damn near ran forever. I thought I’d discovered a marvellous, solid profession. Then I had nothing but flops for years. Charlie Washburn was the dean of press agents in those days—a hotshot who handled George M. Cohan’s shows, and the Lunts—and he got me my job with Mike Todd. Washburn was supposed to handle ‘The Hot Mikado,’ but he was out of town with the Lunts, and he sent Todd a wire saying, ‘I won’t be back for a couple of weeks. In the meanwhile, hire a young guy named Bill Doll.’ Charlie’s still around, God bless him! A great, philosophical press agent. In the thirties, you did nothing but write feature stories, because there were all those newspapers and all that amusement space. It disappeared during the war, and never came back. I can go a whole year now and not write a line. The newspapers were wide-open for stunts in those days; I’ve kind of inherited the stunt reputation from that era, I guess. There used to be a marvellous old guy named Joe Flynn, who taught me that you have to



“Sales? This is your captain. Full speed ahead!”



"You see, Dad, Professor McLuhan says the environment that man creates becomes his medium for defining his role in it. The invention of type created linear, or sequential, thought, separating thought from action. Now, with TV and folk singing, thought and action are closer and social involvement is greater. We again live in a village. Get it?"

plan a stunt to pay off two ways. That tug-of-war in Times Square was his, for example. It was between chorus girls, and it was O.K., but then he arranged to get the girl with the starter's pistol arrested for violating the Sullivan Law, and that kicked it." He smiled. "My first stunt was getting Bill Robinson to dance down Broadway to celebrate his birthday. He was sixty-one, and he danced from Sixty-first Street down to the Broadhurst, where 'The Hot Mikado' was playing. I had photographers lined up all along the route."

As we got out of the bus at Atlantic City, Doll said, "Atlantic City's a crazy town. The George Hamid family have run the Steel Pier for twenty-one years, and booked shows into it twenty years before they took it over. Old George came over as a Lebanese acrobat at the age of eleven, and was hired by Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Annie Oakley taught him to read. He's in better shape today than you or me; he'll do a flip-flop for you if we run into him. George, Jr., is a co-owner of the Pier now."

George Hamid, Jr.—a trim, pleasant man in his mid-forties—met us at the Haddon Hall Hotel and, during lunch, told us that there had been no leaps by horses between 1944, when the old tower and tank washed away in a hurricane, and 1951, when a new tower was erected. "In 1951, we acquired thirty quarter horses, and only six of them worked out at all," he said. "Dimah was the best, and, gee, what a placid, nifty, amiable horse he was! If he had to do five dives a day, five was all right with him. He died two years ago. Of the others, only Gamal is still diving. Eros was hit by a car. He was very balky. He'd get up there and stall, and you could tell he didn't like it. Black Beauty got a disease in Florida, and the health authorities were interested in it, so they kept him. Phantom was a beautiful sight—a white horse. By himself, he'd dive beautifully, but put a rider on his back and he'd squat. Now Lorgah's the best we've got. A diving horse has to have a short back and short legs, and has to be part showman. If he gets on top of the tower and dives off quickly, it'll do, but if he goes up, stands around, and stalls, it builds up suspense. Lorena Carver's father used to say, 'If you're looking for a horse that likes water, get one that was foaled in May.' "

Half an hour later, Lorgah was standing on top of the tower, gazing around at the fog. Lynne smiled down at everyone patiently, and the stuffing from the platform floated away into the murk. "Come, my pet!" called Miss Carver, shaking the carrot skyward. "Come, Lorgah!" After about two minutes, Lorgah put one hoof tentatively over the edge of the platform, touching a short wooden apron that hung almost straight down. Then Lorgah brought the other hoof forward. For an instant, horse and rider seemed to teeter, and then both front hoofs were sliding down the apron, and then Lorgah and Lynne were in mid-air, plunging down—horse, girl, and gleaming football helmet—hurtling toward the tank, and then SPLASH! A giant wave flew up and fanned out into the air; water sloshed and slopped over the rim of the tank; Lorgah lurched out of the deep with Lynne still astride, and shook, creating a halo of spray. Lynne, still smiling, took off her football helmet, poured the water out of it, and shook her blond hair, and Miss Carver gave Lorgah the carrot.

Obliging

WE ordered a dry Martini the other lunchtime at a nearby hotel, and it came to our table a bright-golden hue. We rarely kick up a fuss anywhere, but we felt compelled to tell the waitress that the object at hand was definitely not a dry Martini. "I'm terribly sorry. I'll rectify the error," she said, and she picked up a napkin from the table and carefully wiped the glass. We did not want to upset her further, so we drank the drink. Definitely not a dry Martini.

BARNETT FRUMMER HEARS A FAMILIAR RING

BARNETT FRUMMER was having one of his recurring dreams about not having enough dreams. A voice was explaining to him that everyone dreams approximately two hours each night, rearranging the experiences that the unconscious considers important, and Barnett was trying to explain to the voice that he just didn't have enough experiences to produce two hours of dreaming a night. Barnett could not seem to make the voice understand that the only experiences his unconscious or his conscious considered important were experiences involving Rosalie Mondle, whom he worshipped, and that he didn't see her often enough to account for more than five or ten minutes' worth of dreaming a month. After a while, the voice materialized into a stiff, pedantic little man, who sat in a straight chair next to Barnett's bed and rang a bell in Barnett's ear to prove he was dreaming. On the fifth or sixth ring, Barnett finally freed one hand from the bedcovers, fumbled for the telephone, and then paused to summon enough clarity of thought to say hello.

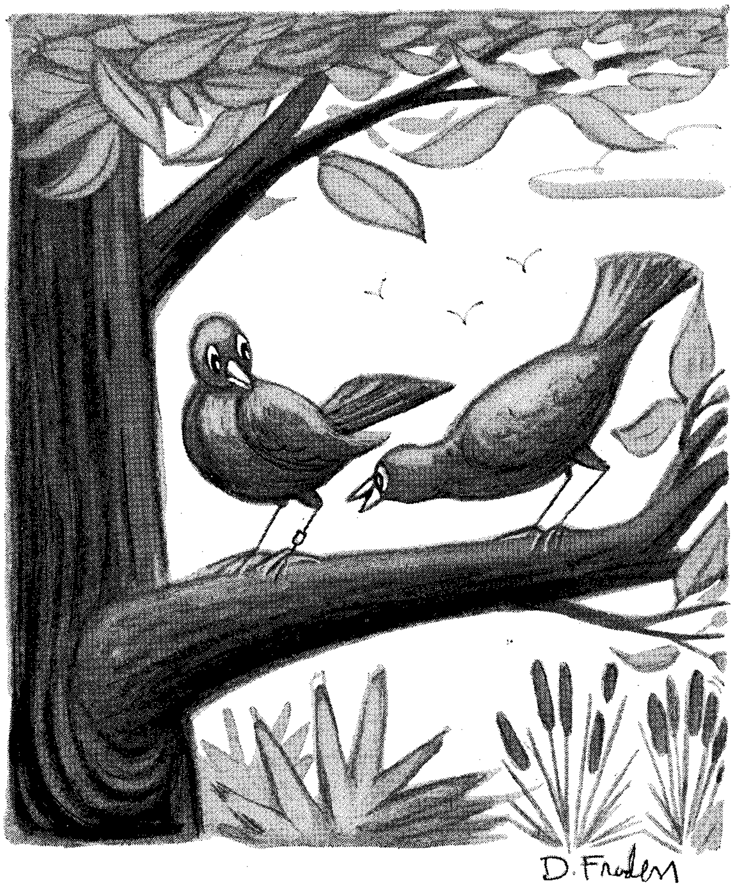
"Good morning," said a loud, metallic female voice on the other end of the wire. "U.S. Weather Bureau forecast for New York City. Eight A.M. Central Park readings: temperature sixty-four degrees, humidity seventy-four per cent, barometer two-nine-point-six-two and falling. Light rain and mist this morning, changing to—"

"Who asked?" said Barnett, finally able to speak. "Nobody asked you." He wrestled the receiver back into the cradle, turned over, and went back to sleep. When he woke up, two hours later, he thought the phone call must have been part of his dream. The dreams he did have about Rosalie often concerned phone calls. Once, he dreamed that Rosalie, whose telephone voice he had yearned in vain to hear, had phoned him long distance from some place like Paraguay, and all he could do was ask for her area code. "I want to speak to you, Barnett," she kept saying, trying to be heard over the babbling of the operator, who was speaking a language that was not quite Spanish. "I'm going to talk to you. I remember your name"—all the things he had waited so long to hear. Barnett had often spent hours musing about what he would say if Rosalie ever phoned him—he knew *he* would never work up the nerve to phone her—but in the dream he refused to engage in conversation. "I must have your area code, Madam," he kept saying. "This call cannot be completed without your area code."

He was thinking about that dream, shuddering now and then, when the telephone rang again. ". . . clear and mild late tonight and early Monday, followed by increasing cloudiness," the voice said. "Rain developing late in the day or at night . . ."

"I didn't call you," Barnett said. "I'm not planning to leave my apartment today."

". . . highest both days in the low eighties. Lowest tonight in the low seventies. Precipitation probability: today twenty-five per cent, increasing to fifty per cent early tonight and tomorrow. . . ."



"Where ever did you get that lovely band?"

Barnett hung up. Then he remained very still for a while. It was true that he phoned WE 6-1212 occasionally to learn the weather, but he didn't think he called any more often than anyone else. Or did he? People who charcoal broiled steaks or organized picket lines must call constantly. Why pick him to call back? Was the telephone company trying to tell him something? It was true that under the prodding of some militant friends he had refused to accept 533-7257 as his new telephone number and had insisted on calling it Jehovah 3-7257. But the first time he tried to phone his apartment from out of town—he did that occasionally so the people in the next apartment would know they were living next door to someone who got his share of telephone calls—the operator had accepted his version of the exchange without argument and then dialled Jehovah as GE, connecting him to a man who cursed at him in Hungarian. After that, he went back to 533. It was a minor incident, though, and he couldn't imagine that it could cause calls from the Weather Bureau. Finally, he picked up the telephone and dialled the home of his friends, Bernie and Greta Mohler. "Do you ever call the weather girl at WE 6-1212?" he asked when Bernie answered the phone.

"I was just about to call her, as a matter of fact," Bernie said. "You don't happen to know the precipitation probability, do you? We're planning to frolic in our neighborhood vest-pocket park today."

"Twenty-five per cent, increasing to fifty per cent early tonight and tomorrow," Barnett said.

"Thanks very much," said Mohler.

"Bernie, *she* called *me!*" Barnett said.

"Right, Barnett. Look, sorry we have to run. Greta's waiting at the door. I'll phone you tomorrow."

"Sure, Bernie," Barnett said. "It's probably just something wrong with the phone, or something."

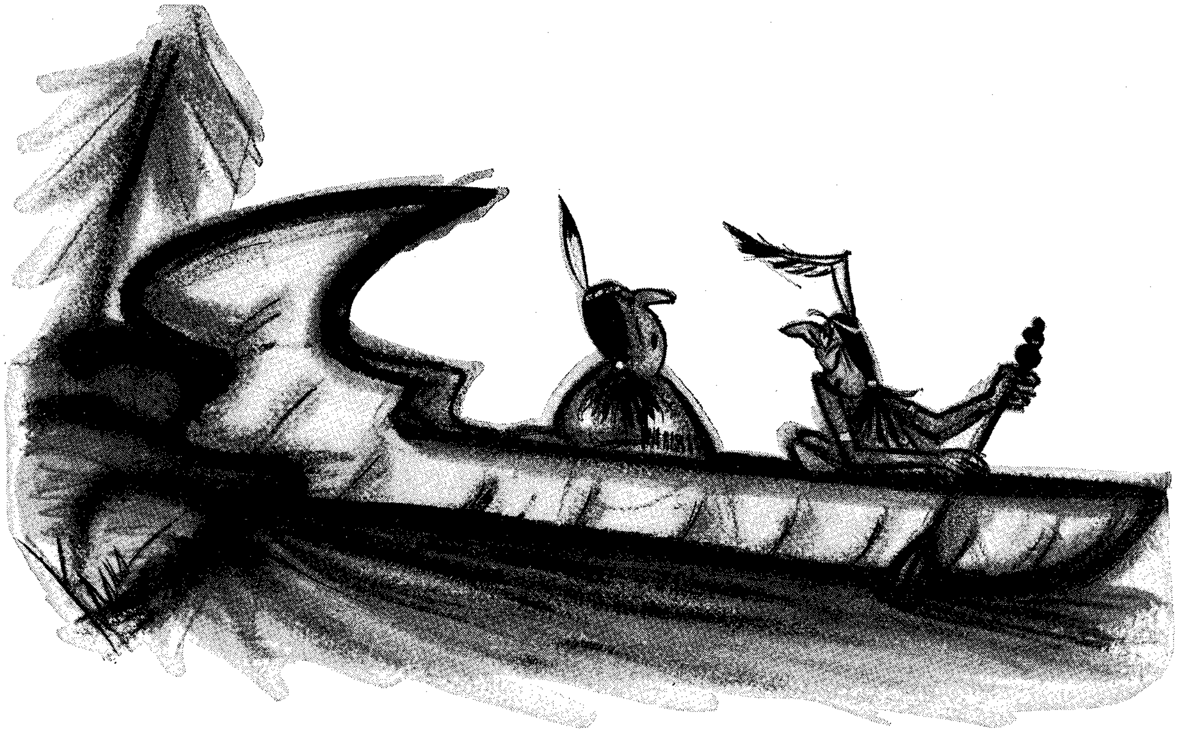
Mohler hung up the phone and fell back into his chair laughing. His wife, Greta, looked very serious. "I did not give you that tape recorder so you could torment your friends," she said. "Also, I'll bet tape recording a phone conversation without producing a beep is illegal in this state. Not to speak of childish."

"Greta," Bernie said, "how would the recorded voice of the weather girl know whether I was making a beep or not?"

"Poor Barnett would know it when you called up and played it back to him."

"Barnett happens to be a personal friend of mine," Bernie said.

"Well, I think it's just awful," said Greta. "What did he say?"



"Firewater and paddling don't mix!"

• •

BERNIE and Greta received another call from Barnett three nights later. Barnett sounded agitated. " 'My Little Chickadee' and 'The Bank Dick' are playing the R.K.O. 86th," he said to Bernie.

"I didn't know the chain nabes were showing the oldies," Mohler said. "That's very interesting. What else is new, Barnett?"

" 'My Little Chickadee' is shown at five-twenty-four, eight-oh-five, and ten-forty-six," Barnett said. " 'The Bank Dick' goes on at six-forty and nine-twenty-one."

"Thanks very much," said Bernie. "But we thought we'd stay in tonight."

"If you would like further information, please call Atwater 9-8900," Barnett said.

"I'm not even sure I want the information I already have," said Bernie.

"They called me up and told me all this," Barnett said.

"Who called you up?"

"The voice from R.K.O. 86th Street," Barnett said.

"Why would they call you?" Bernie asked.

"I don't know," said Barnett. "W. C. Fields I've always been able to take or leave."

"Maybe you should call the phone company," said Bernie.

"I better call them before they call me," Barnett said.

But after thinking it over for a few days Barnett could not bring himself to call the telephone company. At first, he was afraid they would not understand, then he became afraid that they *would* understand. Also, there was a bright side to be considered; he did enjoy receiving phone calls. He would have preferred to have a live human being on the other end, of course—more specifically, he would have preferred the tinkling voice of Rosalie Mondle on the other end—but there was something reassuring about the jangling of the telephone, no matter who was calling. And the people next door seemed to look at him with new respect when he passed them in the hall on the way to the incinerator. Once, a lady with a pleasant voice called to say that T.W.A. reservations would be with him in a moment, and, after quite a few moments, T.W.A. reservations were still not with him. But he didn't get angry; he didn't really want to talk to T.W.A. reservations anyway. Most of the other callers had helpful and interesting information. Although it was unusual, even somewhat disturbing, to be receiving calls constantly from recorded voices, there was the advantage of having a private weather service to be considered. Also, he had more to dream about in the long night spells between Rosalie dreams. He developed a new series of recurring dreams, in which his recorded callers talked to each other on the phone, while he listened contentedly, like a wise host who has just brought together two people who established an instant rapport. "Good morning. This is a report from New York's Municipal Communications Service," one dream began.

"At the tone, the standard time will be eleven-fourteen and forty seconds," ME 7-1212 replied, immediately warming to New York's Municipal Communications Service.

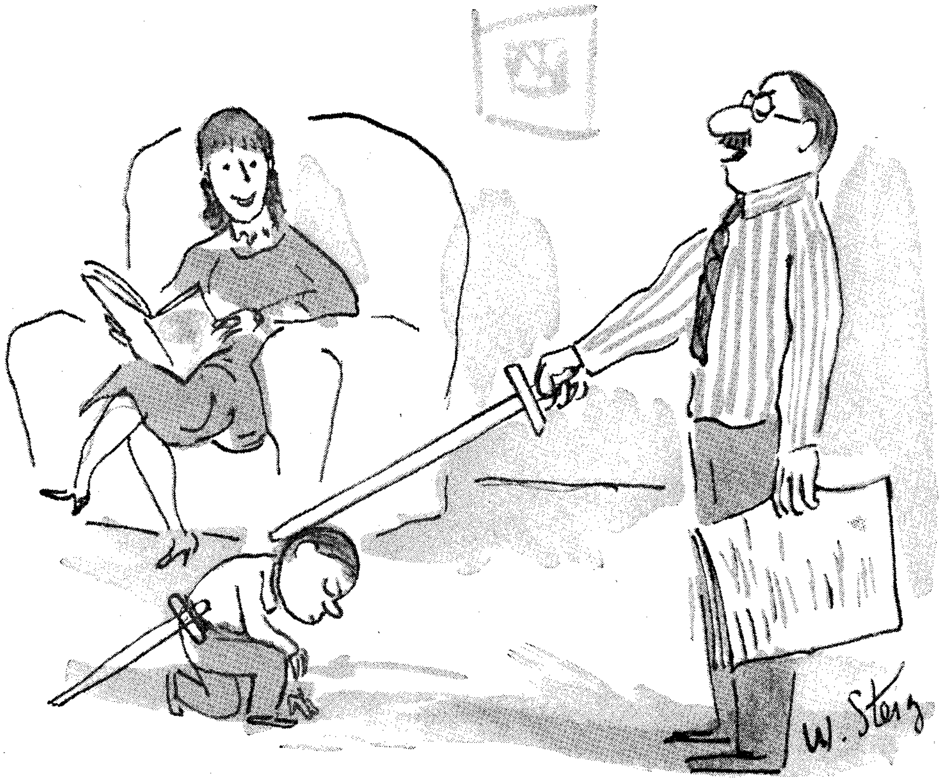
"Traffic is generally moderate," New York's Municipal Communications Service went on, sensing her interest. "The Gun Hill Road exit of the Mosholu Parkway is closed."

"At the tone, the standard time will be eleven-fourteen and fifty seconds," ME 7-1212 said cheerfully, too happy in her new relationship to worry about the Mosholu Parkway.

"Alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations are in effect today and will be in effect tomorrow."

"At the tone, the standard time will be eleven-fifteen, exactly," ME 7-1212 said. She suddenly sounded a bit stuffy. Was she unable to afford a garage? Barnett wondered. Revelations of character had always interested him.

Then, one day, while Barnett was awake, a voice called with the wrong weather. She told Barnett that it was clear and very warm, with the high in the mid to upper nineties. When he walked out of his apartment in the cord



"Hocus-pocus, dominocus."

• •

suit he had been saving for the first really hot weather, he discovered that it was about sixty, with a chill drizzle blowing in from the river. He found the experience unsettling.

"YOU'RE just going too far, phoning weather information in Albuquerque," Greta Mohler said to her husband that night as he was about to fall asleep.

"I phoned Albuquerque on Sunday," Bernie said. "It's a maximum of a dollar all day on three-minute station-to-stations from anywhere in the country."

"At least they were giving him the right information before," Greta said. "Now, along with not saying beep to him, you're lying to him. It's not funny."

"How come you thought it was funny when the voice called and told him the number he had reached was not a working number?" Bernie asked.

"I heard you recording Dial-A-Prayer today, Bernie," Greta said, ignoring the question. "I don't think you should play that to Barnett."

"Do you really think it's that much worse than your idea of playing him a voice from the Save A Cat League?" Bernie asked.

"I never suggested that."

"It was a perfectly natural thing to mention after I talked about the recorded bird watchers' report from Boston," Bernie said. "When I phoned you from the office that first day, you just got carried away in the excitement."

"I never uttered that suggestion," Greta said.

Bernie got out of bed, switched on the light, found his tape recorder, and played a tape of Greta suggesting that they play Barnett a voice from the Save A Cat League. "I just happened to be practicing at the time," he explained. He put away the tape recorder, turned out the light, and got back in bed. Greta did not speak. When Bernie left for work the next morning, she still had not spoken.

She remained silent that evening as Bernie, holding the tape recorder at the ready next to the telephone mouthpiece, dialled Barnett's number. When Barnett answered, Bernie flipped on the tape and smiled in Greta's direction as the florid voice of the Dial-A-Prayer prayer reader boomed out, accompanied occasionally by Barnett's quiet interjection of "Yeah" or "Right" or "Good point." The voice on the tape changed so smoothly that Bernie did not even register the difference until halfway through the first sentence. "And we ask forgiveness of Bernie Mohler, betrayer of friends, who holds this tape recorder in his hand," Greta's voice said calmly as Bernie stared down at the tape recorder in his hand. "At the tone, the time will be eight-fifteen, exactly, and Bernie Mohler will be making a fool of himself. Beep."

A WEEK later, on Saturday, Bernie got a call from Barnett. "I forgive you," Barnett said. "You're a victim of technological advancement. I hope it's O.K. between you and Greta."

"We're on our way to Staten Island for an outing and truce negotiations," Bernie said. "It's too bad you and Municipal Communications Service are no longer pals. I was going to ask you about the Staten Island ferry schedule."

"Staten Island ferries are on time," said Barnett. "I phone 999-1234 quite a bit these days. Also the weather and the time. I was sort of missing them. The precipitation probability is down to fifteen per cent and the barometer is two-nine-point-six-six and steady, if you're thinking about a picnic."

"Thanks very much," Bernie said. "You saved me two message units right there."

"I've been thinking," Barnett said. "I'm going to phone Rosalie this afternoon. If those complete strangers could call me, I should be able to call the girl I want to call. At least it'll be an experience."

"I think this whole thing has been good for you, Barnett," Bernie said.

After Bernie had hung up, Barnett dialled Rosalie's number, which he had known by heart for several years.

"This is Rosalie Mondle," the voice on the other end of the phone said after the third ring.

"This is Barnett," he replied cautiously. "Barnett Frummer."

"I am on tape," the voice went on. "I am not in the house right now, but I'll be returning shortly. If you wish to leave a message, please speak clearly into the phone after the first tone signals. Thank you."

"It's nothing," Barnett mumbled, answering the tone. "I just thought you might be interested in knowing what's at the R.K.O. 86th Street."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pontiac (Mich.) Press*]

WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. (AP)—Mayor Robert Nelson attended this city's Walnut Festival attired in a white dinner jacket, black tie and guillotine.

As part of the entertainment Nelson had placed his neck in a trick guillotine manned by a magician. The blade slammed down and everyone applauded.

Bowing graciously, the magician attempted to raise the blade.

ANDREW

THERE was only one time in my life I had a little baby off all to myself. No kin, that is. I used to love to have my brother that drives the pulp truck bring *his*, but Mama couldn't stand too much of their commotion and they gave her colds with their everlasting sneezes till we had to wean him from it, and they grew up hardly ever stopping.

This all began with that white lady that calls me every year along in the spring to help her set her ducks. I've fooled with ducks so long now it looks like they will go on and do anything I want them to, and it has spread around the county so that I have calls for it just like a doctor. Well, it's uphill all the way from my house to this lady's house, and I was taking it nice and slow and stopping to rest every now and then and look around. I had got as far as the bluff by the corner of the old Somerset place and just looked up—I always get plums from those particular trees since nobody else seems to know about them—and lo and behold, what do I see sitting on the gallery of that old tumbled down cabin but a young girl. Her legs were hanging loose over the edge and she was swinging them back and forth and looking down at the road where I was standing. Do I know her, I thought—because I *do* know nearly everybody in King County. She might have come up from Bogue, though, and Mama always said to stay out of the way of Bogue, white *or* colored, and I have, but no, if I wasn't telling myself wrong, this was one of old lady Littell's grandchildren that they've kept sending her back from Chicago and all around for years and years.

"Are you all right, honey?" I asked her. "What are you doing way out here by yourself?"

I was sorry for saying that, because just about then I saw *him*—or anyhow an undershirt showing up white at the door. So she must be married, and that was why she was out here away from school and her grandmother in this old empty cabin.

"Yes ma'am," she said, taking time to smile with me and act sweet. "How are you, Miss Roxie?"

So she knew me. Before I could answer, I heard it—a little high crying noise behind her in the cabin. Right away I knew what had made it. They had a baby up in there, their own little baby, and most likely they were out here tending to it because back in town he had another rightful wife who would catch him and get him back. But where was their water, poor things, what did they do for water? The place didn't have enough roof left to catch any even if they had a gutter, which I disbelieved.

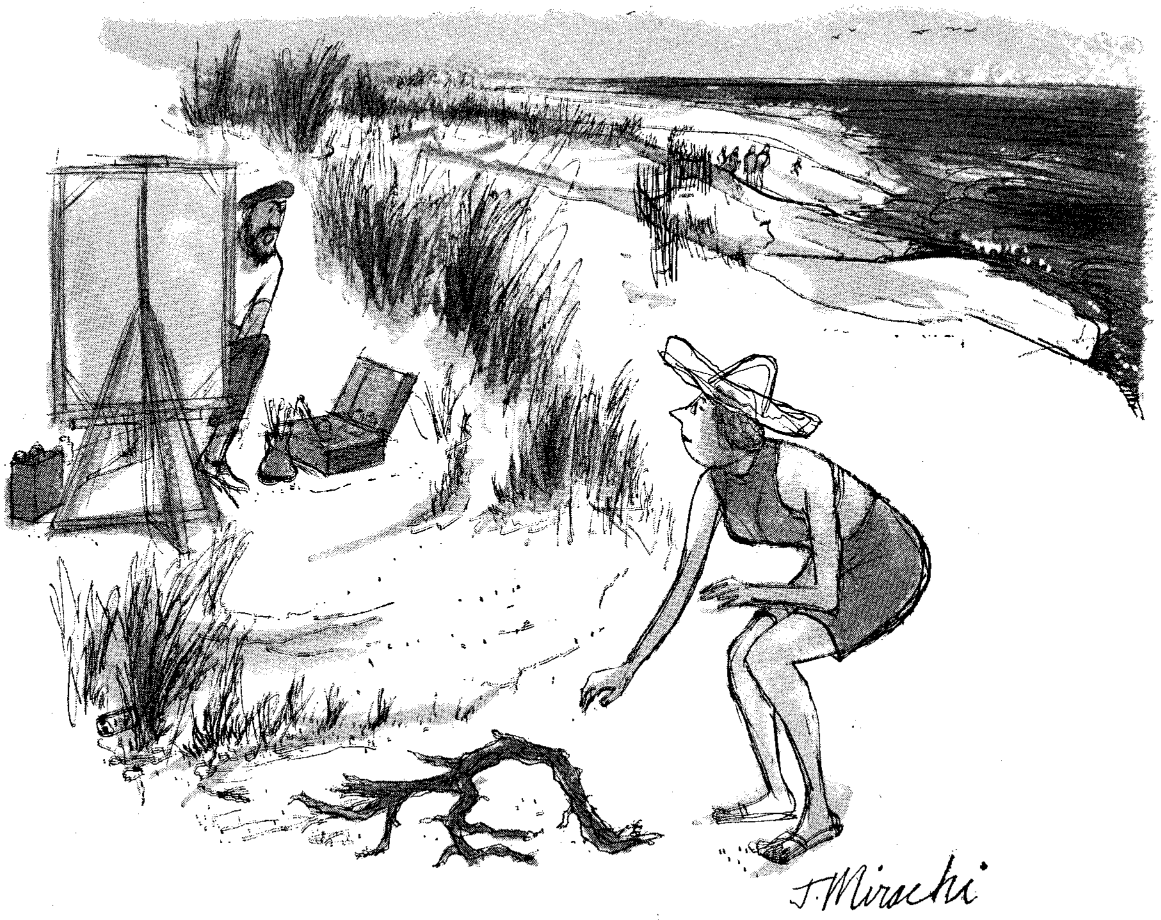
The gentleman must have picked it up, because the crying stopped. I knew I had to some way or other get up on that bluff and hold that little thing myself. "I don't have time right now," I told the girl, "but when I come back from setting a duck could I please see the baby? What is its name?"

She smiled and nodded her head to show manners. "Yes ma'am," she said, "you'd be welcome. Andrew. His name is Andrew."

Well, I went on up the hill to do what I'd said I'd do, and it took nearly all day. This white lady had saved up a winter's talk—wanted to tell me her frights since last spring, has two worrisome boys that she is afraid may drink a little beer. By the time I petted the duck and got it started on its eggs, she had gone on and fixed me a plate of dinner to eat on the back steps so she could talk some more.

The sun was halfway down the woods when I got back to where the cabin was, and reddening up to set because it was March and still cool. I didn't hear anything now except the birds, and I couldn't see any footholds on the outside of the cliff to climb up by. It looked a whole lot different than it had in the morning—long shadows everywhere to make me wonder if they were still up there with it.

It came into my head to give up—Mama always did hate to have me prowling too close to dark. Still I had said I was coming and they might be expecting me. Just then as the good Lord *would* have it, I caught the scent of woodsmoke. So they were still up there and even had themselves a fire. "Hello," I said every once in a while, but my voice doesn't carry and I didn't hear anything back. Just when I got to the top, though, I saw her, standing in the door with a frying pan in her



"Hold it, lady! I'm painting that!"

FRONT STREET

I

The moon's little skullcap,
Dry divinity,
Has brought all color
Into question:
What is your skin now—
Lime or gray?
It has a kind of phosphorescent shine.
Fluorescent? Is that what I mean?
There are no words to describe it.

II

That greasy tug
Might be a spy,
That flashing lens
A trained binocular.
A death rattle has obsessed the tree
And a strangling sound the harbor water,
Which keeps saying, "Don't count on me!"—
As if we were such fools
To count on it ever!

III

I'm sorry the sick palms are so rundown,
That Front Street, which used to be so gay,
Looks like the street of a plague-ridden town—
Empty, apprehensive, dirty.
Do not go down the steps into the boat.
A storm is coming.
Can't you hear the wind?
Do you think I enjoy being arbitrary?
Do what I say.
Or else we'd better say goodbye right now.

IV

Why did I bring you to Front Street? Because
The boats are here,
In case we have to make a quick getaway.
All right. Call it irrational fear.
The Jews in Germany, one year before
They saw the handwriting on the wall,
Would have thought you mad
If you'd told them where
They'd all end up. Think of Oedipus
A second before
The blind seer
Opened his mouth.
No. We're not going back.
We're going some place. Anywhere.
Somewhere we can be, temporarily, safe.

V

You think nature's a left-handed compliment?
A French one's more like it;
I could have told you, twenty years ago,
It's a dirty dig. Think of a time,
Five years, or one,
When people weren't at each other's throats.
Everywhere there are miles of files
With our names typed in them, yours and mine.
The point is to be invisible
Or blinding, nothing in between—
Famous or anonymous . . .
But it's much too late for people like us.

VI

O.K., O.K. We'll go back to the house.
A false alarm?
What a child you are!
Remember when we get back into town,
And the sun's shining, oh, so bright,
And everything seems so right, so fine,
So permanent,
Front Street will be waiting at our backs.

—Howard Moss

• •

hand—fixing to clean it out, I reckon, because she stooped down to a pile of moss and sticks on the gallery floor.

"How is it?" I asked her. "Is it resting well?"

"Yes ma'am," she said, knocking the frying pan on the gallery edge to clear it. "It seems like it is."

"That's good," I said. "How old is it? How long ago did you find little Andrew?"

I was afraid this had really hurt her feelings, but after a while she told me. "About a week. It's been just about a week."

"Do you have any milk to nurse it with?"

She shook her head. "It haven't come in yet."

"Well," I said, "that's what I was afraid of. It's got to have its milk, and like Mama used to say, not tomorrow or the next day but right now." I was on the gallery myself by this time, and nearly every board I set my foot on came up at the other end—loose. She tried to watch out for me that I didn't go through until she could push the old door back—it was off its hinges—to make room for me to pass. Right away I saw those foolish children had made a fire in the middle of the floor, just on a piece of roof tin—didn't have sense enough to build it in the fireplace. "Sweet girl," I said, "you're fixing to burn this old place down." And I reached and picked up a piece of rag and took the tin by the corner to pull it onto the hearth. As soon as I straightened up, she took me over to the baby. It was in an old cardboard box, and she had put all the soft things she had under it. It was sound asleep, a precious little boy baby a dark beautiful brown about the same shade, if I reckoned correctly, as Mama. "This is in God's image," I told the girl. "A sign of his love and a brand new life to be used for his glorification. Where's its papa?"

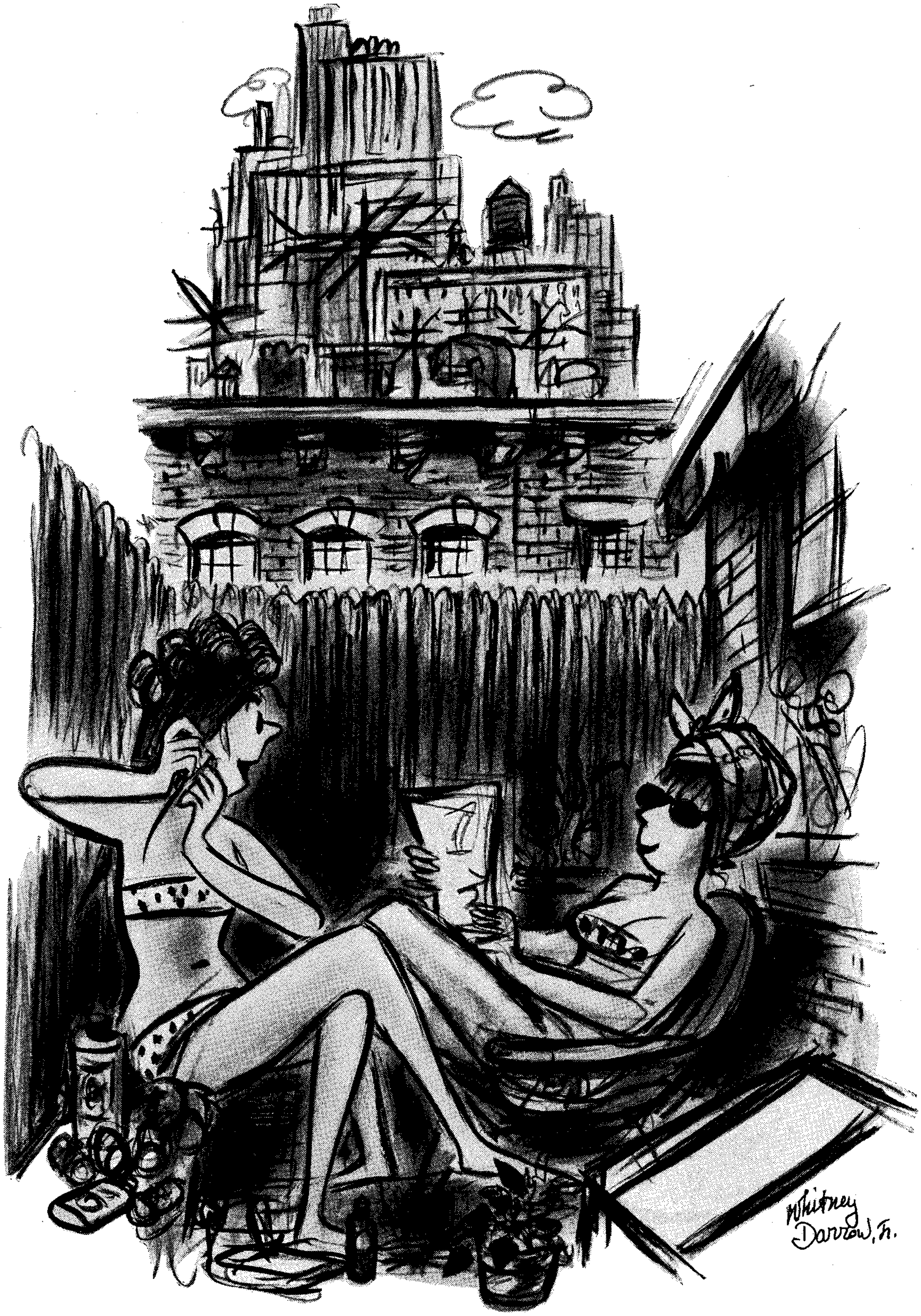
LAUNDRY
CHINESE LAUNDRY
R. Davidson

"He's about gone to get milk," the girl answered. "Leastways that's what I told him to do."

"Does he have any money?"

She bent over the box and looked hard at the baby. Oh, she was proud. You could see that. "He say he have."

I knew Mama wouldn't like me doing this but I couldn't help it. "My house is nice and warm and I have a can of Pet we can put some boiled water with and give it by an eye-dropper, just a little at a time until it



"I like John all right, but can you really love a man who keeps going 'Quote, unquote' all the time?"

• •

builds its strength. Come on with me and we will leave *him* a note if you have anything to write on."

She was still smiling all right enough, but she shook her pretty head. "He told me to stay on right here, Miss Roxie, not to leave."

"Is this a King's Town man?"

"No ma'am," she said. "It's a United States soldier."

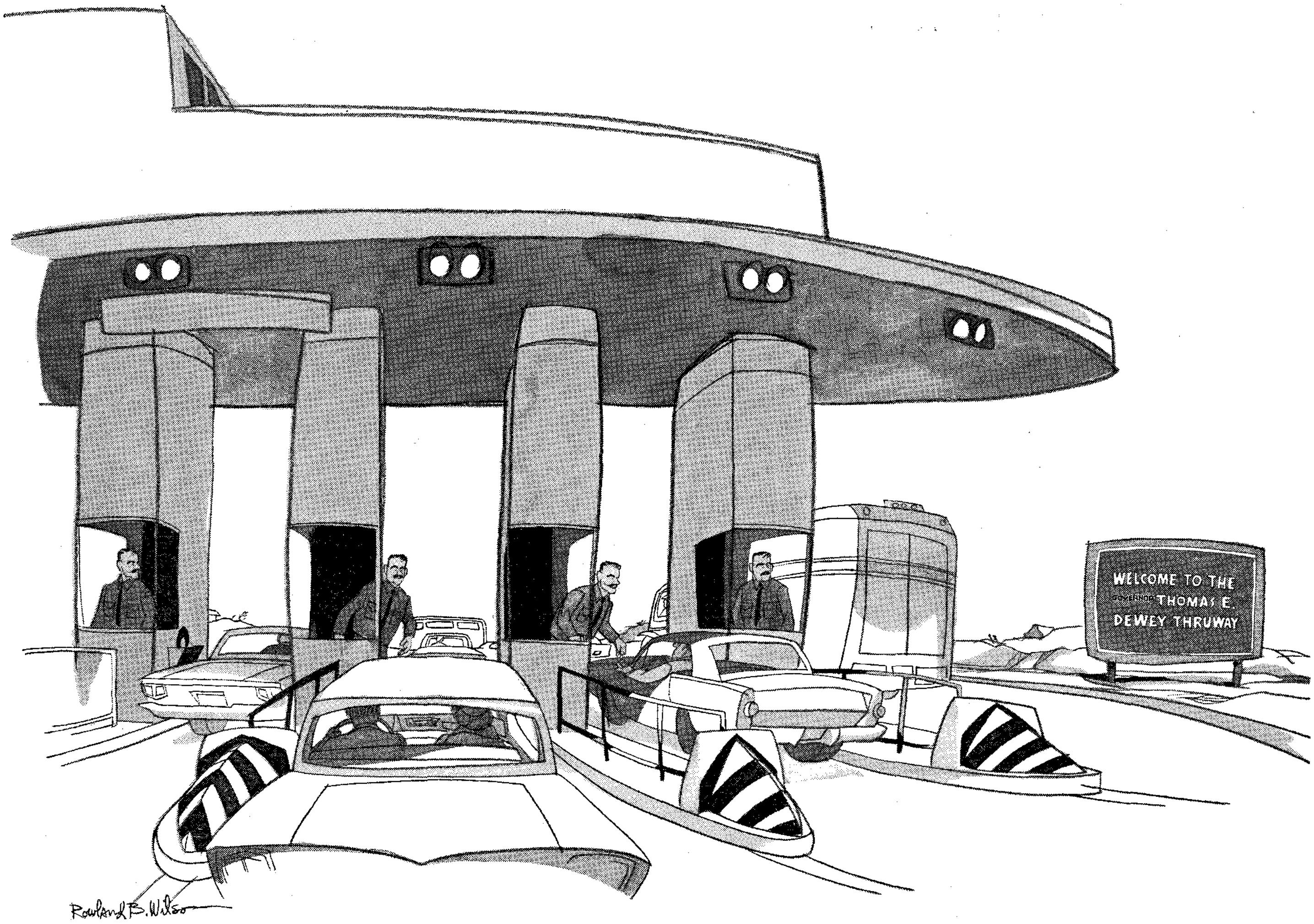
Just drifting through then, I thought, and apt to drift on on. "Well, we've got to give it milk. If you have to wait for the soldier, go ahead and wait, but let me take it on, wrap it in this fresh apron and carry it home. When it's good and strong, you can come and get it."

She leaned over the baby and looked at it again, like it might get up out of its sleep and tell her what to do.

"It's near dark," I said. "You go on and wait if you have to, but I've got to get this baby its supper. And you really ought to go with me and fix yourself up for tomorrow's school—learn something, and not stay out here in these woods with a United States soldier or anybody else." I had wrapped the baby up the best I could, and I kissed its mother and gave her the fifty cents I'd made from setting the duck. Then I was afraid of falling, going down the bluff with it, but by sitting down and sliding on a little at a time I was right down in the road and it was safe.

As soon as I started walking, I began to be happy. This was a real living baby I had to myself—God's image, like I had known it was in the cabin. "If it please Thee," I said, "let this little baby—Andrew is its name—grow strong and tall and take up Thy war against evil." It hardly weighed anything at all.

THERE is such a change in a house when you first take a baby into it. I put him down on Mama's bed—the first person ever laid there since the evening she passed. "Well sir, Andrew," I said, "there's so much to do and only you and me to do it, I wonder where to start." I could rock it after I put on the water—that would take a while to heat and then cool. By the time I did this, it had its eyes open and was twisting its head a whole lot, like it already knew it had changed its resting place. "Eating is the main thing," I said to it. "After you've had a few drops of weak Pet you'll sleep, and after you sleep I'll strengthen the Pet just enough to make you sleep some more. And all that time you'll be growing and getting bigger. By the time I have to give you back, you'll be looking



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around here like the Lord of creation—might even have caught on how to smile." If they let me keep him long enough, I could even make him apt in his books, and it made me want to cry to think of him starting to school, getting on the bus and riding off.

Andrew liked rocking. Then after I had given him the first Pet with Mama's eyedropper, I heated a sheet and wrapped his stomach good and rocked some more. He didn't cry at all except when he woke up and wanted more milk. "You are going to keep Roxie up all night," I told him, "but that's all right. When Mama was here, I never was able to sleep more than an hour at a time without her needing something, and now God has sent me a precious lamb in her place."

I would sleep and it would sleep. It felt so good to know it was lying there by me in the dark. I wished it hadn't been given a name yet, because I might name it for Mama's father, the Reverend Isaac Stoner. But you don't hear the name Isaac much anymore and I guess Andrew *was* better.

Along toward morning, even before the mill whistle, I thought I heard a car on our creek road. Who could that be, I thought. They wouldn't come for it before daylight, and besides that the girl and the United States soldier didn't have a car, and whoever this was did. When I heard it drawing up into our yard, I got up and found my wrapper. I braced the baby—it was too little to roll, but still it looked safer with something between it and the edge—and by that time there was knocking on my door.

It was Mr. Bat Becker, the Sheriff's helper, and old lady Littell herself, as vexed as she could be.

"I hate to disturb you this time of night," Mr. Bat said, "but there's this little baby missing, and Eliza here's granddaughter says you're the one harboring it."

Well, I took them right in to show them it was safe and happy. But instead of being glad and taking my word, Mrs. Littell, poor old worn-out soul, snatched it off the bed and began looking at every part of it to see if it was true. Then she held it tight and began to moan and cry and kiss it so hard you wouldn't believe she already had a house full of them, all different sizes. "Mrs. Stoner always did say you were backward," she told me, "but she didn't let on you were a thief." I felt bad to hear her talk like that, but she was so old and worked up—had been afraid, I guess, that it was thrown back in the woods to buzzards—she couldn't help it. I begged her pardon over and over, and they went on out and slammed the door.

OH, yes, I see him now and then. Twice I caught up with him at the Piggly and once at the oil station, where they have a Coke machine. And he *is* fine. I give him a nickel if I have one, and he always has a big smile for me—thank you ma'am, no idea in the world who I really am. That's all right, Andrew, I say (just to myself), because I had you for one night, you lying up there in my lap taking milk, and if I'm any judge at all of what is true, you loved me.

—BERRY MORGAN

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The dancing went on in the East Room which had been set up in cabaret style. Guests, including actor Gregory Peck and former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey, moved among the small tables, each adorned with candles and flowers.—*Boston Traveler*.

How very pretty!

ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

MEDICARE

I—ALL VERY HEGELIAN

SINCE the politician's first principle is to avoid taking on any more organized opposition than he has to, the first principle for people who want to influence a politician is to organize—and let him know it. The most practical way to let him know it is through what is generally called lobbying, and at the present time some two thousand organizations—from the American Legion and the American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations to the Camping Club of America and the Southwestern Peanut Shellers Association—have registered lobbyists at work for them in Washington. For every member of Congress there are ten lobbyists, and the most modest estimates of what they spend in the course of working for or against specific pieces of legislation that interest their employers run to more than a billion dollars a year. In a sense, the Washington representatives of special-interest groups constitute a third house of Congress, since at least half of all the measures introduced in the Senate and the House were originally written in their offices.

Far and away the most resolute contingent of lobbyists during recent years has been that of the American Medical Association. When the A.M.A. was founded, in 1847, its purpose, according to its constitution, was "to promote the science and art of medicine and the betterment of public health." Up until the time of the First World War, the Association generally restricted its activities to improving medical education, setting standards of practice, and policing quacks. Since that time, however, it has devoted more and more of its energies and its considerable resources—last year its budget was twenty-three million dollars—to persuading anyone who would listen, and particularly lawmakers, that the only way to bring about the betterment of public health was to keep it in private hands. The dread of outside interference has led the A.M.A. to oppose, among other things, compulsory vaccination against smallpox and compulsory inoculation against diphtheria, the mandatory reporting of tuberculosis cases to public-health agencies, the establishment of public venereal-disease clinics and of Red Cross blood banks, federal grants for medical-school construction and for scholarships for medical students, Blue Cross and other private health-insurance programs, and free centers for cancer diagnosis. The A.M.A.'s arguments against these proposals have ranged from charges that they constituted "bureaucratic interference with the sacred rights of the American home" to condemnation of them as "tending to promote Communism." The longest, bitterest, and costliest campaign the A.M.A. has ever waged was its fight against any form of compulsory government health insurance, or what it has loosely called "socialized medicine." That struggle went on for more than a generation, it cost the A.M.A. and its affiliates and allies something on the order of fifty million dollars, and it left political wreckage that may not be cleared away for more than another generation. When the long war finally ended last summer with enactment of the bill that is commonly known as Medicare, members of both political parties in both houses of Congress agreed that their votes on the measure were the most important ones that they had ever cast. "Medicare was the greatest social innovation since the passage of the original Social Security Act of 1935," Senator Clinton P. Anderson, Democrat of New Mexico, who was co-sponsor of the bill, said shortly after it passed. "The doctors claimed that the fight was over government control of medicine. That wasn't it at all. The fight was over whether decent medical care is a basic right—like the right to food, shelter, clothing, and education. The people and Congress decided that it was. I guess it could properly be called the fifth human right."

WHEN President Johnson flew to Independence, Missouri, last July 30th, to sign the Medicare bill—officially designated Public Law 89-97—at the Harry S. Truman Memorial Library, he gave Mr. Truman credit for originating the legislation. Then he said, "We marvel not simply at the passage of this bill but what we marvel at is that it took so many years to pass it." While it is true that Mr. Truman was the first American President to make a public endorsement of compulsory health insurance, the idea was actually a good many years older than President Johnson indicated, and the new legislation had taken even longer to be passed. As far back as 1883, Bismarck instituted a medical-insurance plan in Germany, as a means of weakening trade unions and keeping the people beholden to the government—that is, to Bismarck. The idea of government medical insurance gradually spread through Europe, and in 1911 Great Britain set up a limited program insuring low-income groups against some of the high costs of sickness. The British program created interest in this country, and before it was a year old, Louis D. Brandeis, then a lawyer in private practice, urged the National Conference on Charities and Correction, a central organization made up of public and private welfare agencies, to support a broad program of social insurance, including medical insurance. His suggestion was accepted, and during the Presidential campaign of 1912 the Progressive Party, under Theodore Roosevelt, picked it up and made national health insurance one of the main planks in its platform. Also in 1912, the American Association for Labor Legislation—consisting of trade unionists, social reformers, economists, political scientists, and lawyers who had led the fight for state workmen's-compensation laws a few years earlier—set up a Committee on Social Insurance to try to devise a practical way of protecting the public against economically ruinous medical bills. (All in all, 1912 was a big year for medicine; according to an estimate made by Professor Lawrence Henderson, of Harvard, it also marked a significant dividing line in medical care—when "for the first time in human history, a random patient with a random disease consulting a doctor chosen at random stood better than a 50–50 chance of benefiting from the encounter.") In 1913, the Social-Insurance Committee reported back to its parent organization with a recommendation for a system of compulsory health insurance to be administered by the states. By 1915, the committee had drafted a model bill, and the following year several state legislatures began considering it seriously—and, for the most part, favorably.

The A.M.A. liked the idea, too, in

JERRY AND THE KILLERS

"I have to go now, guys. It's time for Little League."

• •

those days. "The time has come when we can no longer resist the social movement, and it is better that we should initiate the necessary changes than have them forced on us," the trustees of the Association noted in a report on the subject of health-insurance coverage that was submitted to a meeting of the A.M.A. House of Delegates in 1916. Statements such as this one would be considered flagrant heresy a few years later, but in those days, when a long tradition of leadership by men like the Mayo brothers had made the A.M.A. into a universally respected scientific organization, sentiments of that sort did not seem unusual at all. Furthermore, the years just before the First World War in this country were a time of growing indignation against the social injustices of the industrial revolution, which were then being documented by writers like Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair. Another A.M.A. statement of this period touched on the medical profession's concern and responsibility for the lot of the workingman: "The introduction of these [state health-insurance] bills marks the inauguration of a great movement which ought to result in an improvement in the health of the industrial population and improve the conditions for medical service among the wage earners." The A.M.A.'s position at that time reflected the influence of Dr. Alexander Lambert, Theodore Roosevelt's personal physician and a figure of great prestige within the medical profession. As chairman of the A.M.A.'s Social Insurance Committee, Dr. Lambert reported to the Association that his group had looked into the possibilities of voluntary health insurance under private control and, having found it unworkable, recommended adoption of a compulsory system under government control. The A.M.A.'s Council on Health and Public Instruction supported him. "Blind opposition, indignant repudiation, bitter denunciation of these laws is worse than useless," the Council informed the House of Delegates. "It leads nowhere and it leaves the profession in a position of helplessness if the rising tide of social development sweeps over [it]. . . . In the end the social forces that demand these laws and demand an improvement in the social existence of the great mass of the people of the nation will indignantly force a recalcitrant profession to accept." The A.M.A. delegates endorsed this prophetic statement without dissent, and by 1917 the model health-insurance bill had been introduced in sixteen state legislatures.

One of the earliest casualties of any war is social reform. When the United States entered the First World War, the health-insurance proposals were shelved for the duration. Opponents of the idea, who turned out to be far more numerous than had been suspected, took the opportunity to group their forces. A great many doctors around the country—particularly practitioners in rural areas, who not only outnumbered their city colleagues but were in all ways more conservative—started writing letters to the *Journal* of the A.M.A. to express disapproval of the model bill. Ultimately, their complaints led county and state medical societies to send the A.M.A. official resolutions condemning its stand. Leaders in the pharmaceutical industry and the insurance business joined the attack on government intervention; in the view of Frederic L. Hoffman, a vice-president of the Prudential Insurance Company of America and one of the chief spokesmen for the opposition, the whole health-insurance movement was clearly a German plot. By 1920, the outcry against the model bill had become so clamorous that the A.M.A.'s House of Delegates reversed itself and passed a resolution declaring its "opposition to the institution of any plan embodying the system of compulsory contributory insurance against illness." Dr. Lambert was president of the Association that year, and during the session, a tumultuous one, delegates periodically broke into the chant "Get Lambert!" They got him by way of their resolution, and before long most of the names of leading medical scientists like Lambert disappeared for good from the Association's roster of officers; from that time on, the A.M.A. was largely run by what its detractors call "medical politicians." The 1920 resolution killed the model bill as far as the state legislatures were concerned, for these bodies had long since accepted organized medicine's authority in the field, and had, in effect, turned over to medical practitioners the final decision on all medical legislation.

If prosperity was the general rule of the twenties, no one had to look far for exceptions. Among millions weakened by impoverishment, thousands were dispatched each year, with terrifying regularity, by illnesses that they could not afford to have treated. Finally, a few people of influence who had long been concerned about the misfortunes of the poor, including those who were made poor by medical bills, decided to do something about it. At their prompting, eight leading foundations got together in 1927 and set up a Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, consisting of prominent figures in the fields of medicine, public health, social work, education, and public affairs. Over a period of five years, the committee published twenty-eight reports, which constituted the most comprehensive survey of medical economics ever made up to that time. In 1932, the committee released its majority report, under the signature of its director, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, a past president of the A.M.A. who had just served as Secretary of the Interior under President Hoover and at this time was president of Stanford University. Dr. Wilbur, and a majority of the committee's members, came out for group practice for doctors and voluntary health insurance for their patients. Commenting on the report, the *Journal* of the A.M.A. dismissed group practice as a system of "medical soviets," and then said, "The alignment is clear—on the one side, the forces representing the great foundations, public-health officialdom, social theory—even socialism and communism—inciting to revolution; on the other side, the organized medical profession of this country, urging an orderly evolution."

To the A.M.A., the alignment became clearer and clearer as time went on. Back in 1929, the program that was to become Blue Cross had been started in Texas—not so much to protect the patient against hospital costs as to protect hospitals against non-paying patients—and when the American Hospital Association endorsed the plan in 1933, the A.M.A. attacked it as a "half-baked scheme." The following year, the American College of Surgeons, one of the earliest organizations for specialists, announced its support for Blue Cross, whereupon the A.M.A. rebuked the surgeons for "an apparent attempt to dominate and control the nature of medical practice."

During Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term in office, it was clear that a large percentage of the American people were not just ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed but also simply ill and unable to pay for medical care. Most charitable agencies, like practically everyone in those days, were short of funds, and they couldn't begin to cope with the medical needs of the millions who were out of work. In 1934, President Roosevelt appointed a Committee on Economic Security to draw up plans for a social-security system that would give Americans some measure of protection "against misfortunes which cannot be wholly eliminated in this man-made world of ours." The committee recommended federal pensions, unemployment insurance, and direct assistance for certain categories of the needy, and suggested that an official study be made of the practicability of national health insurance. When the social-security bill came up before Congress the following year, it contained a sentence giving the Social Security Board, which was to administer the law if it passed, the power to make such a study and to report on it to Congress. According to the committee's staff director, Edwin Witte, "that little line was responsible for so many telegrams to the members of Congress that the entire social-security program seemed endangered." To save the program, the House Committee on Ways and Means, on orders from the White House, struck out the line. Dr. John A. Kingsbury, a former Commissioner of Charities in New York City, attributed the protests to the A.M.A. and its state and county societies. "Like ordinary lobby groups they have sent thousands of telegrams to the President and to Congress, seeking to exert pressure without reference to the merits of the proposal under consideration," he said at the time. "They have sought to use personal influence on those in high places, have spent tens of thousands of dollars in publicity campaigns of misinformation, have spread false rumors, and have resorted to scurvy attack on personalities." Dr. Kingsbury soon had further reason to regret both the A.M.A.'s tactics and its influence. When he made his statement on lobbying, he was secretary of the Milbank Fund, one of the foundations that had underwritten the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, and both he and the fund's chairman, Albert G. Milbank, who was also chairman of the Borden Company, were outspoken advocates of national health insurance. According to *Fortune*, "the connection between the Fund and the Borden Co. was made clear to the medical profession, and a number of local medical journals began hinting through edito-

"Once more unto the breach."

rials that a boycott of Borden products would have a salutary effect on the Fund." Shortly after the hinting began, the *Philadelphia Medical Roster & Digest* was able to inform its readers that "one of the foundations has already modified its elaborate plan to sell state medicine for the simple but effective reason that many discerning physicians had stopped buying a certain product." The product was Borden's irradiated evaporated milk for infants. In March, 1935, Milbank announced that his fund did not endorse national health insurance after all, and not long after that Dr. Kingsbury was dismissed.

IN politics, a man who commands a consensus representing as much as two-thirds of his colleagues or his constituents in any given situation is looked upon with awe. If he has any percentage above that, people start muttering about tyranny. When the A.M.A. went into politics full time, beginning in 1935, its idea of a consensus among its members was that every single one of them had to support it all the time if their freedom was to be preserved. In an emergency session of the House of Delegates called early in 1935, while the social-security bill was pending before Congress, the A.M.A. again went on record against "all forms of compulsory sickness insurance." Two weeks later, to the astonishment of officials at the A.M.A. headquarters, in Chicago, the California Medical Association came out in favor of compulsory health insurance on the state level. After some pointed reminders from Chicago, the California doctors backed down. (In fact, they backed down so far that within a few years they were to spend a quarter of a million dollars to defeat the program they had previously endorsed.) Then, in 1936, the federal government announced the findings of a two-year national-health survey, which showed that ninety per cent of the people in the country were getting inadequate medical care. In response to this survey, rebellion broke out in the A.M.A. itself. When the House of Delegates held its 1937 convention, the New York delegation submitted a resolution urging acceptance of the principle that "the health of the people is the direct concern of government," and advocating that the A.M.A. proceed to formulate a "national health policy." One observer noted that "hectic commotion and violent waving of fists resulted," and the *Journal* reported that the proposal was "rejected with an enthusiastic unanimity." But not all doctors were content to regard the matter as settled, and a few months later a group of four hundred and thirty internationally known specialists, deans of medical schools, and public-health officials formed a Committee of Physicians for the Improvement of Medical Care and issued a declaration that included most of the proposals the New York delegation had submitted to the House of Delegates. To meet this flank attack, an editorial in the *Journal* of the A.M.A. demanded that the signers of the declaration issue "prompt disclaimers" of their statement that the health of the people is the direct concern of government and went on to question the motives of some of them, naming names and suggesting that they were angling for government favors. At first, the members of the new committee had circulated their declaration only among doctors, but now they released it to the press. After that, the *Journal* refused to print articles or letters from any members of the committee. The quarrel created lasting animosities, and drew a good deal of criticism on the A.M.A. from a number of the country's foremost physicians as well as from laymen. "Such methods of handling differing opinions coming from without, or dissent arising from within, are the tactics of sectarians, not of scientists," wrote Michael M. Davis, a well-known sociologist and medical administrator, who had been a leader of the health-insurance movement almost from its beginnings in this country. "They have had two unfortunate results. They have weakened confidence in the organized medical profession among considerable sections of the public. They have promoted among physicians an emotional approach to the economic and social aspects of medicine which warps and often inhibits an intelligent participation in problems in which the future of medicine is much involved." Actually, at that time doctors were far less united in their opposition to government participation in health matters than they came to be later. Polls showed that a majority of laymen supported national health insurance and that a majority of doctors agreed with them. Presumably, the two groups also agreed that more money should be available to pay for medical care. A study made several years before had shown that more than half the country's doctors had annual incomes of less than thirty-one hundred dollars. The A.M.A. had a solution for that problem, too—cut down on the number of doctors by restricting the number of students in medical schools, or what it called "professional birth con-

RAIN AT WILDWOOD

The rain fell like grass growing
upside down in the dark,
at first—thin shoots,
short, crisp, far apart—

but, roots in the clouds,
a thick mat grew
quick, loquacious, lachrymose blades
blunt on the tent top.

The grass beneath ticked,
trickled, tickled like rain
all night, inchwormed
under our ears,

its flat liquid tips slipping
east with the slope.
Various tin plates
and cups and a bucket filled

up outside,
played, plinked, plicked,
plopped till guttural.
The raccoon's prowl was almost

silent in the trash,
soggy everything but eggshells.
No owl called.
Waking at first light

the birds were blurred,
notes and dyes of jay and towhee
guaranteed to bleed.
And no bluing in the sky.

In the inverted V
of the tent flaps,
muddy sheets of morning
slumped among the trunks,

but the pin oaks' viridian,
dripping, raggedy leaves
on the wood's floor released
tangy dews and ozones.

—MAY SWENSON

• •

trol.” (The solution appears to have worked, for doctors’ incomes are now the highest of any professional group in the country, averaging slightly over twenty-two thousand dollars a year.)

GAS
FLATS FIXED
JOE'S LUNCH & GAS
FLATS FIXED
BODY WORK
CIGARETTES
7UP
COLD DRINKS
Modell

“It’s not much, I know, but it gives the place a little pizzazz.”

• •

The A.M.A. found itself threatened by a second serious attack in 1937. That year, some employees of the federal Home Owners’ Loan Corporation, assisted by a few young New Deal attorneys, organized the Group Health Association of Washington, D.C. Their plan, designed for low-income government workers, was to engage doctors on a salary basis and to provide members with almost complete medical care for a monthly fee of two dollars and twenty cents apiece. Before the program got under way, the *Journal* warned doctors to stay clear of it, declaring, “Physicians who sell their services to an organization like Group Health Association for resale to patients are certain to lose professional status.” Except for federal health insurance, nothing has alarmed organized medicine more than the idea of people paying their medical costs ahead of time by hiring doctors to treat them for a stipulated monthly fee—an arrangement known as a prepaid group-health plan. Back in 1929, Dr. Michael Shadid, a Syrian immigrant who had made a lot of money in private practice and wanted to share it, donated twenty thousand dollars to the Farmers Union Hospital Association, in Oklahoma, and, with its assistance, set up the nation’s first medical coöperative, the Community Hospital-Clinic, at Elk City. The local medical society, of which Dr. Shadid had been a member for twenty years, tried to talk him out of going ahead. When that failed, it tried to expel him. When that, too, failed, the society disbanded and reorganized without him. After twenty years of harassment by the society, which refused membership to doctors participating in the program, the clinic finally sued the society for three hundred thousand dollars, charging restraint of trade; eventually the society settled out of court, and agreed to admit the proscribed doctors to membership.

The A.M.A.’s case against prepaid group-health plans has been essentially the same as its case against health insurance, and both grew out of a “statement of principles” that the House of Delegates adopted in 1934 which asserted, among other things, that “no third party must be permitted to come between the patient and his physician in any medical relation.” In much of its literature, the A.M.A. has referred to this as “the sacred doctor-patient relationship,” and an almost magical quality has been assigned to it. There is no doubt that a patient’s belief in his doctor’s powers has often been the best medicine available to either of them. Few potions in the old-fashioned country doctor’s little black bag had as much effect as his kindly demeanor and his comforting hands. To an extent, faith in one’s doctor is still sometimes vital. Talcott Parsons, professor of sociology at Harvard, has written, “The basic function of magic . . . is to bolster the self-confidence of actors in situations where energy and skill *do* make a difference but where, because of uncertainty factors, outcomes cannot be guaranteed. This fits the situation of the doctor, but in addition on the side of the patient it may be argued that *belief* in the possibility of recovery is an important factor in it. . . . Of course, this argument must not be pressed too far.” No one has pressed it further than the leaders of the A.M.A., who have used it as their chief argument against any interference with the intimacy of a doctor’s relationship with his patient. Advocates of government health insurance have argued that the only relationship it necessarily interferes with is the one between a patient and his pocketbook. Moreover, some of them have pointed out, it was in the depths of the Depression that the A.M.A. adopted its “statement of principles,” and in those days a relationship with any doctor outside a charity ward was a luxury that not many Americans could afford. Various developments in medicine since then have diminished the intimacy of the relationship still further. Thirty years ago, for example, the average doctor treated perhaps fifty patients a week, and now the number has trebled. Moreover, the rapid growth of specialization (today there are some fifty specialties and sub-

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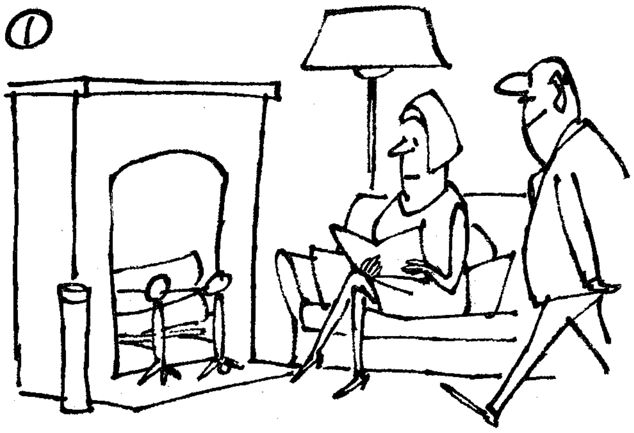


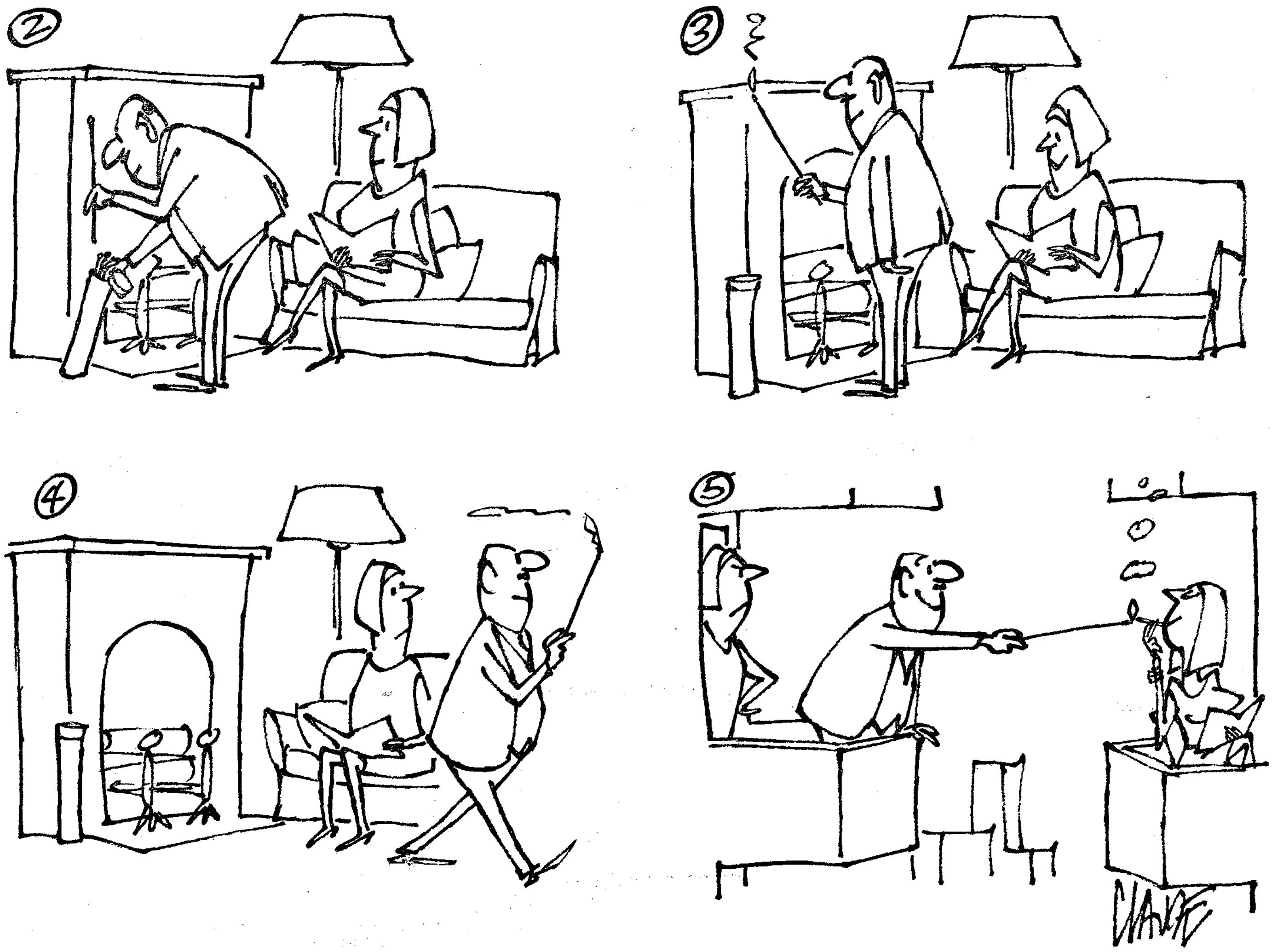
specialties) has cut the number of family doctors from one for every eighteen hundred people to one for every three thousand. In sum, the average patient nowadays gets less of his doctor's time than a patient did in the thirties, and is more likely to be sent on to a specialist, whom he may never have seen before. Should his illness require that he be sent to a hospital, a host of third parties—internes, residents, nurses, orderlies, technicians—are bound to come between him and his doctor. Regrettable as the loss of personal attention may be, the scientific advances that have taken its place seem—to many people, at any rate—a worthy substitute. Selig Greenberg, a journalist and medical writer, has pointed out that there is a certain irony in the A.M.A.'s defense of the inviolability of that relationship, since it has consistently encouraged the kind of modern medical practice that makes it less and less attainable. In Greenberg's view, "all the befuddlement of inane oratory cannot quite obscure the fact that the medical profession is using the largely mythical rapport between doctors and patients as a weapon in the battle to protect its lucrative privileges."

On the subject of how doctors should be paid, the A.M.A. has been uncompromising. The 1934 "statement of principles" stipulated that "however the cost of medical service may be distributed, the immediate cost should be borne by the patient . . . at the time the service is rendered." In further support of what is known in medical circles as the "fee-for-service" doctrine, the House of Delegates later passed a resolution stating, "Any system of medicine that offers complete coverage and relieves the recipient of making any direct contribution for his own medical care will lower his sense of responsibility for his own health and that of his family and will eventually depreciate the quality of medical services he receives." In substance, the fee-for-service doctrine means that only a doctor can determine what his services are worth. To critics like Greenberg, the doctor-patient relationship is sacred to doctors largely because it keeps outsiders from comparing or questioning fees. Another well-known medical writer, Richard Carter, has claimed that the A.M.A.'s opposition to any large-scale health-insurance program "has been based on the fear that economic plans of that scope would require public support so extensive as to necessitate public control," and he continued, "The knowledge that public control will curtail the profession's fee privileges underlies organized medicine's position on health insurance and on every other controversial issue in the field." The A.M.A. has often spoken of the virtues of "free-enterprise medicine," and has opposed what it calls "corporate medicine," which seems to be the kind of medicine practiced by just about any doctor who chooses to work for a salary, whether on the faculty of a medical school, in a research foundation, at a hospital, in government service, or in private industry. The proportion of salaried physicians in this country has risen in the past thirty years from about a seventh to better than a third, and the A.M.A. has done no more than hint that this means of earning a living is unethical. However, it has not attempted to stop some county specialty boards from expelling members who accept salaries.

The pressures on doctors who defy any of the A.M.A.'s basic precepts have often been severe. By 1938, the Group Health Association of Washington had enrolled twenty-five hundred members and their dependents, who were taken care of by seven doctors working on salary. The group was small, but the fact that it was run by and for government employees added to its importance as a precedent. At first, the A.M.A. appealed to the seven doctors to withdraw from the program. When they refused, the District of Columbia Medical Society sent all its members a so-called white list of approved organizations that they could belong to. The Group Health Association was not among them. When the seven doctors still refused to give up their salaried group practice, they found that they were no longer being called in for consultations and that referrals of patients, the staple of specialty practice, abruptly stopped. Still they stuck it out. The District society then persuaded most of the hospitals in the area to deny staff privileges to the rebels and beds to their patients. One doctor who had taken a woman patient to a hospital for surgery and had already given her morphine was suddenly refused access to the operating room; after a four-hour quarrel with the hospital director he moved his patient to another hospital. A man with acute appendicitis was dismayed to learn that his own doctor would not be permitted to operate on him, and that the operation would not be performed at all unless he agreed to withdraw from the program. One stubborn old woman who had been run over by an automobile was finally forced to leave the hospital to which she had been rushed because she persistently refused to be treated by anyone but a Group Health Association doctor. Just when the doctors in the program were about to admit defeat, Thurman Arnold, the chief of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, heard about what was going on and sent out some investigators to collect evidence, which he then presented to a grand jury. The A.M.A. and the District of Columbia Medical Society were indicted for violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act. The government lost the case in a lower court but won a reversal in a higher court and made it stick in the Supreme Court. In a unanimous decision, written by Justice Owen J. Roberts, the Court held that the A.M.A. was guilty of a criminal action, and went on to say:

> Professions exist because people believe they will be better served by licensing specially prepared experts to minister to their needs. The licensed monopolies which professions enjoy constitute in themselves severe restraints upon competition. But they are restraints which depend upon capacity and training, not privilege. Neither do they justify concerted criminal action to prevent the people from developing new methods of serving their needs. The people give the privilege of professional monopoly and *the people may take it away.*

The government had won its case against the A.M.A. because it had been able to prove that a conspiracy existed. And it had been able to prove that a conspiracy existed because the A.M.A. hadn't bothered to conceal it. Afterward, the A.M.A. continued to oppose prepaid group-health and insurance plans but employed somewhat different tactics. "Recently, organized medicine has conveyed veiled threats to



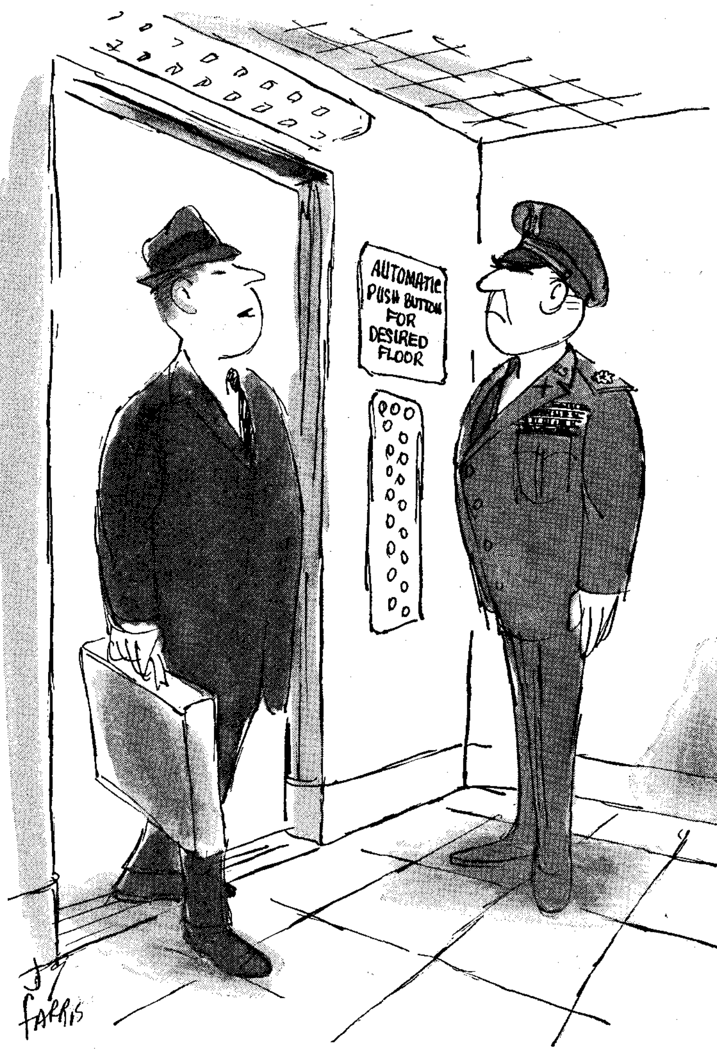
doctors participating in disapproved plans by outspoken condemnation of such plans in ethical terms," the *Yale Law Journal* commented several years after the Court's decision. "Such indirect, less overt opposition probably discourages physicians from affiliating with disapproved plans, but is less susceptible to antitrust prosecution." Indirect methods were apparently enough to do the job, for the article added, "Defiance of A.M.A. authority means professional suicide for the majority." Nor was there any way for most of the victims of reprisals to fight back. Courts invariably ruled that expulsion from, or denial of membership in, a county medical society—often entailing a loss of hospital privileges and specialty accreditation, which could mean the loss of a doctor's practice—did not deprive a doctor of any property right, and as long as the society didn't violate its own rules, they rarely intervened. Ultimately, then, nonconformists were pretty much at the mercy of their colleagues. "The doctor who challenges A.M.A. authority to determine his method of practice," the *Yale Law Journal* noted, "is tried and judged by his fellow physicians who may have an economic interest in proscribing his allegedly offensive conduct."

NO one except its own officers has ever cited the A.M.A. as a model democratic institution. In theory, its structure is thoroughly democratic, but in practice it prohibits just about any dissension within the ranks. At the bottom are roughly two thousand county medical societies, whose members elect not only their officers but representatives to state societies. Similarly, the members of the state societies elect not only their officers but representatives to the national House of Delegates. In both county and state societies, however, the presiding officer appoints a committee to nominate all candidates, and a rigid tradition of professional dignity rules out electioneering. It would be difficult to devise a more effective arrangement for guaranteeing that every elected official will tend to agree with every other elected official. The national House of Delegates names the A.M.A.'s board of trustees, its annual president, and several other national officers. It is the delegates who are supposed to set A.M.A. policy, at meetings held twice a year, but they usually approve what the trustees recommend. (Whenever a delegate proposes a resolution that the trustees don't like, they turn it over to a reference committee, whose members they have appointed.) The president of the A.M.A. has great prestige within the organization but not much power. The men who actually run things are the executive vice-president and his assistant; for the most part, they stay out of the limelight as they guide the Association in its everyday operation, which in the long run determines its direction. Dissenters don't have any very effective way to dissent. Nothing in the by-laws prevents delegates from making all the protests they want to, but the sort of man who becomes a delegate—typically, a small-town specialist with an interest in medical politics and time on his hands whose views on matters of policy have been checked at each upward step—is disinclined to fight with headquarters, so anyone who wants a scrap usually finds himself quickly voted down. Neither the *Journal* nor the *AMA News* (a weekly tabloid) is known to favor manuscripts and letters that diverge from official policy.

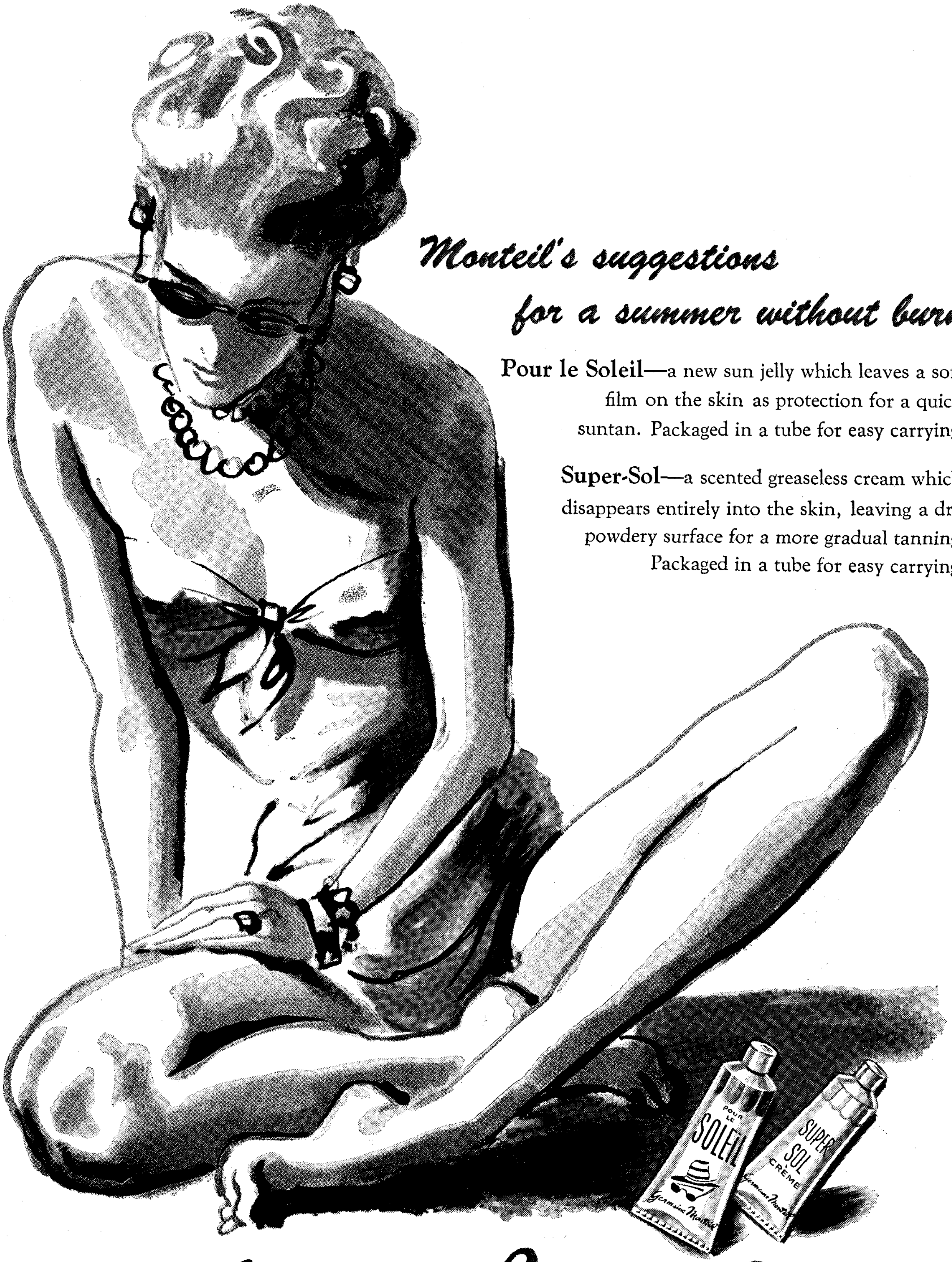
Yet all these bricks in the A.M.A.'s façade might come tumbling down if it weren't for the mortar holding them together, which is the backgrounds and attitudes of the doctors who support the Association. The doctors who *don't* support it—mainly those practicing in large cities, certain specialists and researchers, and teachers in medical schools—are not apt to be typical of the profession as a whole. One explanation of the general unanimity among doctors, it would appear, lies in the well-documented fact that most physicians are highly educated within their field and almost not at all outside it. "A doctor is, by definition, a man who doesn't have time," Milton Mayer has written in *Harper's*. "One of the things the average doctor doesn't have time to do is catch up with the things he didn't learn in school, and one of the things he didn't learn in school is the nature of human society, its purpose, its history, and its needs. . . . If medicine is necessarily a mystery to the average layman, nearly everything else is necessarily a mystery to the average doctor." Most doctors began specializing in the natural sciences in their mid-teens, and, aside from browsing through some required courses in general studies, they specialize for the rest of their lives. Unless they happen to be outstandingly gifted, they have to, if they hope to keep up at all with medicine's prodigious growth. The exacting demands of medical school, the duration of the necessary apprenticeship, and the time spent in learning about the latest developments have produced what is sometimes called the Cadillac syndrome. One physician who looks at this development with alarm has said, "After all, a doctor goes through a fearful grind, living close to poverty, before he gets established—usually not until his mid- or late thirties. It's small wonder that by the time he does, he's determined to resist any threat to his income." A study made by E. Lowell Kelly, a professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, indicated that this attitude tends to appear even before the fearful grind has begun—among medical-school applicants, in fact. "Essentially, our medical students are . . . not the kind of people who would become teachers, ministers, social workers, i.e., professional persons interested in doing something for the good of mankind," Professor Kelly reported. "As a group, the medical students reveal remarkably little interest in the welfare of human beings. . . . It is my impression that the typical young executive in big industry today has a far greater sense of community needs and sensitivity to his role in helping society solve its problems than does the young physician."

A few years ago, Richard Carter visited the A.M.A.'s Chicago office and interviewed the top men. "During my visit to A.M.A. headquarters, I was flabbergasted to hear how many leading Republicans are regarded there as 'doctrinaire Socialists,' " he wrote later. "I finally solved the puzzle by realizing that the A.M.A. believes its own propaganda." With increasing insistence since the nineteen-thirties, that propaganda has centered on the phrase "socialized medicine," which the A.M.A. has never actually defined but which has been endlessly repeated as what Carter calls a "patriotic malediction." Whatever else the campaign against socialized medicine may have done, it has certainly succeeded in scaring the wits out of the A.M.A.'s members. In the thirties, before the campaign really got under way, a majority of doctors favored government health insurance; today nine out of ten doctors are against it.

The person who is generally given most of the credit for this remarkable conversion is Dr. Morris Fishbein, who was the editor of the *Journal* and the A.M.A.'s chief spokesman—indeed, its *de-facto* leader—throughout the nineteen-thirties and forties. Dr. Fishbein joined the A.M.A. staff, as assistant to the editor of the *Journal*, in 1913, a year after he graduated from Rush Medical College, in Chicago. From the start he devoted most of his waking hours and immense energy to the cause of warning his colleagues about the dangers that he felt they faced from government meddling in medicine. It was he who expanded and consolidated the A.M.A.'s powers, kept the rank-and-file in line with a hint here and a threat there, and—most notable of all—turned out the huge amount of publicity about socialized medicine. In 1938, *Fortune* described Dr. Fishbein as "a promoter," and commented, "He has promoted the A.M.A. from a mild academic body into a powerful trade


AUTOMATIC PUSH BUTTON FOR DESIRED FLOOR
Farris

"Fourteen, please."


POUR LE SOLEIL
Germaine Monteil
SUPER SOL CRÈME
Germaine Monteil

Monteil's suggestions for a summer without burn

Pour le Soleil—a new sun jelly which leaves a soft film on the skin as protection for a quick suntan. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Super-Sol—a scented greaseless cream which disappears entirely into the skin, leaving a dry powdery surface for a more gradual tanning. Packaged in a tube for easy carrying.

Germaine Monteil

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He often is.

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association." In the process, Dr. Fishbein became so closely identified with the group he spoke for that it was often referred to by detractors as the American Fishbein Association.

Not long after *Fortune's* appraisal appeared, Dr. Fishbein got a chance to test the power of his trade association on a national scale. Back in 1935, President Roosevelt had appointed an Interdepartmental Committee to Coördinate Health and Welfare Activities, and after three years of work the committee submitted its report, entitled "A National Health Program," to a National Health Conference that was conducted under Presidential auspices in 1938. The report recommended that government participation in the field of public health be greatly increased, to include, among other things, federal health insurance, and, over the animated opposition of the A.M.A.'s representatives at the meeting, it was endorsed by the conferees. On February 28, 1939, Senator Robert F. Wagner, Sr., of New York, introduced a measure—he called it the National Health Bill—that translated the health-insurance part of the report into legislative language. The bill provided for federal grants to match state allocations for public-health programs, as long as they were approved by the Social Security Board and offered "services and supplies necessary for the prevention, diagnosis, and treatment of illness and disability." Wagner's estimate of his plan's cost to the federal government in its first year of operation was thirty-five million dollars. When Roosevelt announced that he supported the Wagner bill, the A.M.A. hurriedly sent some of its officials to the White House to remind him that they opposed compulsory health insurance. Ignoring Wagner's protest that his bill did "not establish a system of health insurance or require the states to," and was therefore not compulsory, the A.M.A. charged that it provided for "supreme federal control" over medicine and would lead, "insidiously," to "a complete system of tax-supported governmental medical care." As Dr. Fishbein described the bill, in a speech before the American Association for Social Security, it was "another step toward the breakdown of American democracy." Most of his listeners were social workers, and tended to be less alarmed than disappointed by the bill, because they knew that most of the states were unable to put up much money for medical care, however generously it might be matched. Dr. Fishbein diverted his audience further by telling them that the inability of the poor to obtain medical services was not a problem for the medical profession but one for social workers, who had "failed miserably" in that regard.

The National Health Bill struck most people as a fairly innocuous measure, and, according to the *Times*, it appeared "to face only minor opposition in the Congress." Alerted by this assessment, the A.M.A. called a war council in Chicago, and a few months later the House of Delegates, meeting in St. Louis, adopted a "declaration of principles" that stated, among other things, that the A.M.A. was "unmistakably and emphatically" opposed to the Wagner bill as "a threat to the national health." The day after the delegates voted on the measure, the Association's president-elect, Dr. Nathan B. Van Etten, called for all-out war against the Wagner bill. He gave the delegates specific instructions on how to wage the war:

> Every delegate must realize his official obligations as never before and carry home to every single practitioner in his state a full consciousness of the importance of this declaration of principles. That practitioner is potentially one of the most powerful persons in the democracy. If he can be made to see his duty to his country and educate his patients to a realization of the dangers of centralized control of medical practice, your action of yesterday will be sustained.

The doctor-patient relationship, it appeared, was to be not only sacred but also useful in political terms. Being able to issue warnings of political danger to people already feeling endangered by illness was an advantage that no politician on the other side could hope to match. "It is in the very nature of illness that it impels the individual back toward his childhood and even beyond," Dr. Flanders Dunbar has written in her book "Mind and Body," a standard work on psychosomatic medicine. "This is especially true of his emotional reactions. He wants to be taken care of, to have the burden of decisions taken from his shoulders, to be protected and cherished." Under these conditions, it would not be difficult for a doctor to convince a patient that if government health insurance were to be enacted, he would never be protected and cherished again.

Still another tactical innovation came out of the war council in Chicago. This was the founding of the National Physicians' Committee for the Extension of Medical Service (whose actual purpose was to keep medical service exactly as it was). The A.M.A. claimed that it had

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nothing to do with the new outfit—the N.P.C., as it was called—but the chairman of the N.P.C. was a past president of the A.M.A., the executive board of the N.P.C. included three members of the A.M.A.'s board of trustees, the secretary of the N.P.C. was the secretary of the A.M.A., and the N.P.C.'s money was provided by the A.M.A.'s fund-raising apparatus. Dr. John P. Peters, a professor at the Yale School of Medicine and a spokesman for the Committee of Physicians for the Improvement of Medical Care (whose actual purpose was to improve the A.M.A.), charged that the N.P.C. was designed "to serve as a cloak for lobbying activities" of the A.M.A. Casting off its cloak at the very start, the N.P.C. announced in its first press release that it was "primarily an instrument of propaganda" and that it hoped to "make enough noise so that congressmen will find some other worm besides 'free medical care' with which to feed their peeping constituents." When word got out that Dr. Fishbein was sitting in on the N.P.C.'s strategy meetings, it was clear that the A.M.A. had gone into politics in a big way.

In politics, the appearance of power is often as useful as its reality—as long as no one challenges it. Once the A.M.A. had embarked on a political career, its leaders were convinced that they had power to spare, and so were many members of Congress. To a large extent, however, the Association's power was an illusion—one whose existence depended on the politician's characteristic reluctance to get involved in any test of strength that might show his own power to be illusory. In any event, the legend of invincibility that the A.M.A. built up over the years began in 1939, when the Wagner bill unexpectedly died in committee. Out in Chicago, the A.M.A. congratulated itself on having quashed the "grandiose scheme," and in Washington people began to look upon the A.M.A. with increased respect. Actually, the credit should have gone to President Roosevelt. Perhaps his thoughts about running for a third term made him reluctant to push for any controversial program, however popular, at that particular moment. Or perhaps he had in mind the Presidential, or Vice-Presidential, prospects of another candidate, Paul V. McNutt, who, not entirely to Roosevelt's liking, was gaining support in the Party. As Federal Security Administrator, McNutt was the administration's chief spokesman for the Wagner bill, and its passage would have added considerably to his prestige. Whatever the reason, just before Christmas of 1939 the President withdrew his endorsement of the bill, on the ground that the program was too costly, and the measure was put aside.

AFTER the attack on Pearl Harbor, it seemed unlikely that any new domestic social-welfare legislation would be passed for some time. The war itself, however, soon raised some important questions about American medical care. For one thing, the number of young men who were unfit for military service, often because of physical defects that proper care could have prevented or corrected, proved to be alarmingly high. And then the millions of men who *were* fit grew accustomed to the fact that they could always see a doctor when they were sick—a new experience for many of them. A poll conducted by *Fortune* in 1942 showed that 74.3 per cent of the people favored national health insurance. At this point, Senator Wagner decided to try again. Along with Senator James E. Murray, Democrat of Montana, and Representative John D. Dingell, Sr., Democrat of Michigan, he submitted, in June of 1943, the first of a series of similar measures that were to be introduced off and on in Congress over the next fourteen years. This first one, which was far more ambitious than the 1939 bill, called for comprehensive medical, hospital, dental, and nursing-home care for almost everyone in the country. The care was to be paid for out of a special fund built up from equal contributions by employers and employees.

Although Representative Dingell had high hopes for the bill and believed that it would be enacted within a few years, Senators Wagner and Murray were convinced that nothing would come of it so soon. However, the two senators had been quick to agree to sponsor the measure when it was described to them by the men who were largely responsible for drafting it—Wilbur Cohen and I. S. Falk, both of the Social Security Board. "Senator Wagner heard us out and, after five minutes' discussion, gave us his O.K.," Cohen recalled not long ago. "He didn't have to know what was in the bill, word for word, because he knew that it would never be passed in anything like its original form, or, for that matter, in *any* form, for a good many years. But he also knew that something of the sort would go through ultimately, and he wanted to start things moving. Back in 1930, when he introduced a federal unemployment-compensation bill, everyone told him that he was crazy and that it would never get anywhere. Well, it became law in 1935. This was the same sort of thing for him—a long-range plan." As for Senator Murray, he was of much the same mind, although he felt that there would be some earlier, indirect effects from the bill. "Murray knew that the A.M.A. would kick up a hell of a fuss about it, which was exactly what he wanted," William Reidy, the Senator's assistant for many years, remarked recently. "He planned on letting the doctors publicize the measure for him, and then, once the public was aroused, to get bits and pieces of the original enacted as separate legislation. In effect, that's exactly what happened."

Dr. Fishbein reacted as Murray had predicted he would. Calling the bill "a blue-print for medical revolution, dealing with the sick and with the physicians who care for them as inanimate units to be moved at a dictator's will," he went on to say that the proposal was "perhaps the most virulent scheme ever to be conjured out of the mind of man." Even this language, apparently, was not strong enough for some doctors, who, retaining their membership in the A.M.A. for practical reasons, set up their own militant organization, the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons. Its first official act was to pledge a boycott not only of the bill, if it should be enacted, but of any doctor who spoke out in favor of it in the meantime.

No one knew exactly how much the Wagner-Murray-Dingell program would cost—no one, that is, except organized medicine's "instrument of propaganda," the N.P.C., which distributed fifteen million copies of a pamphlet entitled "Abolishing Private Medical Practice, or $3,048,000,000 of Political Medicine Yearly in the United States." The issue, according to the N.P.C.'s pamphlet, was "human rights as opposed to State slavery." The forms of slavery to be visited upon the public included a government plan to pay doctors only for an eight-hour day, with the result that evening emergency cases would have to wait until morning; a plan to allow "bureaucrats" to decide which doctor a patient went to; and a plan to forbid doctors to make any medical decisions without first consulting more "bureaucrats." Another product of the N.P.C. campaign was a poster cartoon designed for dis-

The News Gets Around

A marine colonel elects not to bomb an apparently undefended Vietnamese village, and is wounded severely in a surprise Viet Cong attack. An exclusive, on-the-scene interview with the officer, carried on "The Huntley-Brinkley Report," stirs unprecedented comment all across the nation.

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Why does "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" stimulate such a significant response from the news-minded public?

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These qualities are reflected in the program's—and NBC News'—singular determination to report and analyze events clearly, not merely so they can be understood, but so they cannot be *mis*understood.

Yet the ultimate reason may be as intangible as the "chemistry" which first brought renown to the Huntley-Brinkley team during the 1956 Conventions. This October, "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" (Mon-Fri, in color) will celebrate its tenth anniversary; obviously, the chemistry is as strong as ever.

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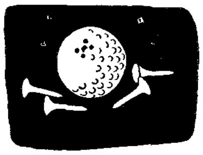
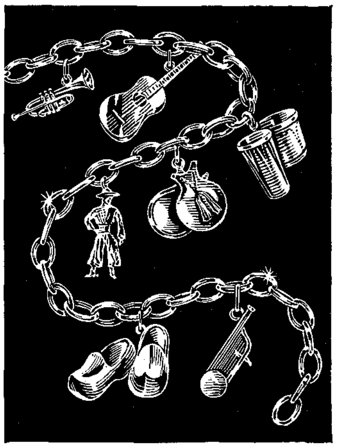
play in doctors' waiting rooms. It showed an elderly woman timidly facing a wrathful doctor (or perhaps it was a wrathful bureaucrat in doctor's clothing) who was saying, "Make it snappy, sister." The text explained, "The doctor can't sit listening to your tale of woe. He's not a private physician. He works for the government, not you. You're just one of the people assigned to him by the political overseer. . . . So snap into it, comrade!" No bill has ever been introduced in Congress to force doctors into being government employees—except, of course, the draft law. The Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill *specifically provided that physicians* could refuse to treat any patient for any reason, or could stay out of the program altogether, and that patients could choose to be treated by any doctor who participated. It did stipulate that fees would be subject to government regulation. In any event, the measure died in committee; once again Roosevelt was in the process of deciding whether to run for another term.



Then, shortly after the 1944 election, the President apparently decided that the time had come for action on national health insurance. Summoning a group of experts, he told them to draft a Health Message to be sent to Congress—the first message of its kind. He wanted it to suggest various improvements in the field of public health, he said, but primarily he meant to use it to persuade Congress to enact something along the lines of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill. Disagreeing with a pressure group like the A.M.A. before the election was one thing, but disagreeing with it afterward was quite another. "He was clearly looking forward to doing battle with those fellows in Chicago," one of the experts he summoned recalled not long ago. "He seemed amused by their political pretensions." But President Roosevelt never got his chance to match wits with the A.M.A.; before the message was completed, he died. Those who had been working on the document concluded that it had died with him. Most of them considered the new President a rather conservative man, and, in any event, they felt he had enough on his hands. They took their preliminary drafts of the message to the White House as a matter of courtesy, and, to their surprise, Mr. Truman said it was a fine idea. He added, however, that it would have to wait until the war was over. The wait wasn't a long one. Three months after V-J day, President Truman sent the message to Congress. In an attempt to ward off the old ritual attacks on socialized medicine, he took pains to define the limitations he wanted to see written into any health-insurance bill. "People should remain free to choose their own physicians and hospitals," he said, and added, "Likewise, physicians should remain free to accept or reject patients. They must be allowed to decide for themselves whether they wish to participate in the health-insurance system full time, part time, or not at all." The N.P.C. didn't see the situation that way. "Authority is to be given a single government official to *hire doctors . . . to control and operate* hospitals . . . and to conduct the business of peddling pink pills to people," it announced. Cohen and Falk prepared a new bill, and Wagner, Murray, and Dingell, with the administration's blessing, filed it in the Senate and the House. The passage of such a bill, according to the *Journal*, would "mean the end of freedom for all classes of Americans." And Dr. Fishbein told the N.P.C., "No one will ever convince the physicians of the United States that the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill is not socialized medicine." Adding that the President's message concealed an "insidious strategy," and that the bill would create "the kind of regimentation that led to totalitarianism in Germany," he called on his listeners to defeat it "ignominiously."

To those who produced A.M.A. literature—and to many of those who read it—the federal government had by this time come to seem like a ravening wolf, threatening to devour all those who took upon themselves the business of caring for the sick—or what the medical profession often calls "a sacred trust." State governments, on the other hand, had generally been viewed as docile lambs, who could be counted on to show proper respect for the doctors' prerogatives. Then, early in 1945, Governor Earl Warren, of California, surprised the medical profession by sending a compulsory health-insurance bill to the state legislature. The California Medical Association had proposed an almost identical program ten years before, but now it recoiled in alarm, and then, encouraged by the A.M.A., armed itself for a fight to the finish. To meet this new threat of "socialized medicine"—a term that Governor Warren called an "ideological blackjack"—the California Medical Association hired a local pub-

A Charming Idea



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for all occasions is
much too conclusive. A
scent should promise,
provoke, surprise—
change your life."

"Why did I call it Y?
Why not?
Even the French cannot pronounce half
the French perfume names."

"Sex in a bottle?
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advertisers
to play on. I make no
such promises; but
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Y has wit,
brains, wears my
clothes, makes wonderful
conversation,
makes wonderful silences,
there is an
excellent chance of it."

"Of course, men
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smoke, leather chairs,
factory fumes, air
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to be contrasted with
charming
feminine scents.
Women have to be
especially clever about
their choice of
contrast, that's all."

"What do I dislike about perfume?
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very hard to make certain
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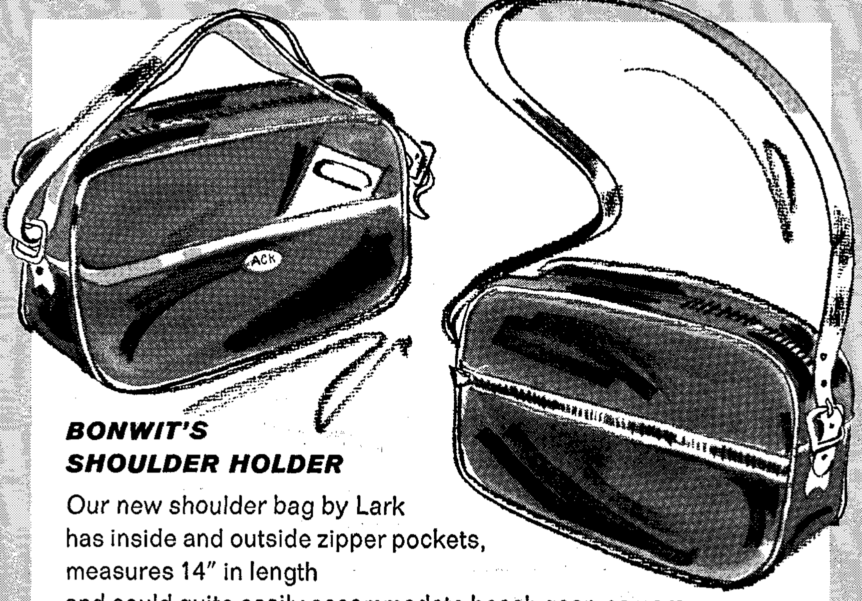

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lic-relations firm called Whitaker & Baxter, which was the first in the country to specialize in politics. The founders of the firm, Clem Whitaker and Leone Baxter, his wife, held that old-fashioned lobbying—persuading, intimidating, and buying legislators—was costly and, in the long run, uncertain, since a client could not be sure that legislators would stay persuaded, intimidated, or bought beyond a single legislative session, and the whole unpleasant business might have to be repeated every couple of years. Whitaker & Baxter operated on the principle that a far better approach was to convince the voters of the worth of any given cause and let *them* do the arm-twisting, at election time. Lawmakers could thereby be kept in line longer, without endless campaign contributions and the other expenses of influence. The expenditure of money for public rather than private persuasion had been a common practice among business groups since at least the nineteen-twenties, but Whitaker liked to trace his professional lineage back to Lincoln, who once said, "Public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed."

Whitaker & Baxter's first move was to devise an alternative to compulsory health insurance, for, Whitaker solemnly told the doctors, "you can't beat something with nothing." His solution was to drum up support for Blue Cross, Blue Shield, and commercial health-insurance plans—that is, to make an issue out of voluntary versus compulsory health insurance. The over-all campaign was divided into a number of operations, which were carried on more or less simultaneously. The firm set out to get the principle of voluntary insurance endorsed by local and state organizations of all kinds, and within three months it had signed up more than a hundred groups that carried political weight. A speakers' bureau was organized, and before long nine thousand doctors, armed with speeches written in what Whitaker & Baxter called "fighting prose," were out on the stump. As an additional precaution, the firm engaged in some straightforward lobbying by sending doctors and influential friends to drop in for chats with the principal backers of the state's hundred and twenty assemblymen and senators. Physicians also visited the heads of four hundred service clubs, two hundred and eighty officers of veterans' groups, five hundred officers of women's clubs, two hundred insurance executives, and officials of every state, county, city, and town agency of any size. But the most important and carefully planned approach was the one made to the press. One of Whitaker & Baxter's subsidiaries was the California Feature Service, a weekly sheet of political news and more or less unobtrusive plugs for the firm's clients, which was sent free to all the small newspapers in the state; about three hundred of them, mostly weeklies that were short on staff and funds, used the material regularly, either rewritten in the form of editorials and columns or, sometimes, verbatim. As the campaign against the Warren bill increased in momentum, a large part of the sheet's news was made up of attacks on the bill. In addition, Whitaker later reported to California doctors, "Our people have personally called at more than five hundred newspaper offices, talking doctors' problems with the editors, placing copy with them, and urging them to make your battle their battle." He was able to point to impressive results: the number of papers in the state opposing the bill soon rose from about a hundred to four hundred and thirty-two. Of course, the callers from Whitaker & Baxter were not the only forces of persuasion that newspaper publishers and editors encountered during that period. In an article that later appeared in the *Journal* of the A.M.A., the secretary of the California Medical Association mentioned another factor that may have played a part:

> At present the California Medical Association is spending $100,000 a year in newspaper advertising.... Never before have we been able to get real support from the newspapers because the answer constantly came back, "Why should we give the doctors any support when they don't advertise . . . ?" We now have an answer to that. When we started our campaign, we went to the California Newspaper Publisher's Association and said, "Gentlemen, we are going to spend a lot of money with the newspapers. We are going to advertise in every one of the 700 newspapers in California. . . ." We have found the response from editors, in publicity, has been beyond anything we expected when we started the campaign.

In three months, doctors and businessmen friendly to their cause purchased seventy thousand inches of advertising space in California papers. The Warren bill was defeated.

The entire campaign had cost the California Medical Association a quarter of a million dollars. It also cost the medical profession a certain amount of good will. Increasing numbers of people, in California and elsewhere, were finding it difficult to believe that doctors would spend all that money just to

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"It Pays to Save"
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protect their patients. And millions of people who were living on limited incomes were becoming more and more disturbed about the rapidly rising costs of medical care, which in many cases were pricing that precious commodity out of their reach. "It seemed to many of us at the time of the fight against the Warren bill that the doctors were in danger of drowning in the flood of their own invective," one of President Truman's advisers on health matters recalled recently. "The people wanted the best that medicine had to offer. If it was too expensive for most of them—well, then, they were bound to demand help in paying for it. All the bombast in the world couldn't stop them from getting what they felt they had a right to."

Sensing the growing public antagonism to the doctors' stand, the A.M.A. turned for advice to another public-relations firm, Raymond Rich Associates, of New York, and ordered a thorough appraisal of its non-medical activities. Many of the Association's critics, especially doctors in academic life, were dismayed by this move, suspecting that one public-relations firm would be bound—by professional ethics, if not by self-interest—to give nothing but a hearty endorsement to a course of treatment that had been prescribed by another public-relations firm. However, after a lengthy study Raymond Rich Associates turned in a report recommending that the N.P.C. be disbanded, or at least sharply curtailed; that the research data the A.M.A. published to prove its political case be substantiated; and that the A.M.A. set up some kind of a forum through which dissenters could have their say. The leaders of the A.M.A. were as stunned as everyone else. They rejected the recommendations and refused to make any changes. At that point, the Rich firm tendered its resignation and mailed copies of it to all members of Congress. "The Association," the letter read, ". . . has yet to seek the truth on the economic and social aspects of medicine, to put the public first, and to become adequate to its responsibilities."

ORDINARILY, it takes a generation or more for Congress to approve a major piece of social legislation. Even when the legislators are favorably disposed toward such a bill, it faces what one political commentator has called "a stupefying amount of discussion"—hearings in committees of the Senate and the House, debate on the floor of both chambers, debate in the press, debate among the public at large, and then still more hearings and still more debate in Congress. Anything controversial is bound to be handled cautiously on Capitol Hill, and in the late nineteen-forties Congress was certainly not in a rash mood. With the greatest war in history just ended, members of Congress seemed to want a breather, a chance to look around. Aside from the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill's inherently controversial nature, quite a few men in government had misgivings about particular features of it—about its magnitude, for one thing. After all, they pointed out, the Depression was past, the majority of the people were fairly well off, and the growth of both commercial and nonprofit health insurance was proceeding at a promising rate. Maybe something more modest would suffice. In 1946, Senator Robert A. Taft, the leader of the conservative coalition in Congress, moved to solve the problem once and for all by introducing a bill that would provide matching grants to states for medical care for all those who could pass a means test proving that they were indigent. He was jumped on from every side. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, testified at hearings on the measure, "The workers of this country are not prepared to accept the pauper oath as the approach to better health." The Committee of Physicians for the Improvement of Medical Care, which was still trying to improve the A.M.A., denounced it as a shoddy attempt "to relieve physicians of the burden of charitable services rather than to insure to patients more and better care." And the A.M.A. said it amounted to socialized medicine.

The following year, Senators Wagner, Murray, and Dingell submitted their bill once more, and once more hearings were held, and once more nothing came of them. As before, President Truman supported the proposal and was attacked by the A.M.A.—this time for claiming that only three and a half million Americans had adequate health-insurance protection. Dr. Fishbein himself stated that only a million people were covered. (He had given an estimate of five million in 1943, but he offered no explanation of the decline.) The chairman of the A.M.A.'s board of trustees took issue with both men; the correct number, he said, was fifty-five million.

Exaggeration is certainly no novelty in political rhetoric, and anyone engaged in politics ordinarily demands more than he expects to get, in the hope

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that by trading a horse here and rolling a log there—always in a spirit of judicious compromise—he will end up with what he was willing to settle for in the first place. The process demands special prudence and skill, particularly in an election year. On January 7, 1948, President Truman told Congress in his State of the Union Address, "This great nation cannot afford to allow its citizens to suffer needlessly from the lack of proper medical care," and asked it to enact "a comprehensive insurance system to protect all our people equally against . . . ill-health." The Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill was still before Congress, but no one outside the A.M.A. had any illusions about its chances. For one thing, it had never got anywhere when the Democrats controlled Congress, and now the Republicans were firmly in command of both houses. Furthermore, there is nothing that members of Congress care less for than having to take a stand on a hotly debated subject just before facing the voters; in this instance the conservatives didn't want to stir up the labor unions, and the liberals didn't want to stir up the doctors and their allies. And no matter how deeply Mr. Truman believed in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill it seemed clear to many people at the time that he also found it handy as a club with which to belabor the "do-nothing Eightieth Congress." The strategy helped him, but it didn't help the cause of government health insurance at all. By asking for far more than anyone imagined Congress would give him, he made it certain that he would get nothing. And by turning health insurance into a campaign issue rather than working quietly for it in the usual way—through persuasion and pressure on the Hill—he created a mood of cynicism among members of Congress on both sides of the aisle. During the campaign, Mr. Truman spent so much time defending the bill and attacking its opponents that the cynicism began to spread throughout the country.

The A.M.A. quickly came to the President's rescue. Its spokesmen travelled around the country making fiery speeches in which they charged that Mr. Truman was an avowed Socialist who was hellbent on destroying American freedom. The effect was that public interest revived, and so, in time, did public indignation. Commenting on the A.M.A.'s claim that enactment of the bill would destroy at one stroke all that the country stood for, Milton Mayer wrote in *Harper's*, "A nation's liberties would seem to depend upon headier and heartier attributes than the liberty to die without medical care." An editorial in *Life* noted, "The ever-rising costs of medical care and how to lessen them, if possible, are problems of national concern. But the [A.M.A.] seems to be against almost anything that threatens the profits of a doctor's private practice. It is not against the invaluable doctor but against medicine's official spokesman that great sections of our people have turned as bitter as they were against bankers during the Depression." The bitterness increased when the N.P.C. placed an advertisement in *Editor & Publisher* that February announcing a contest, with three thousand dollars in prizes, for the best "published" cartoons portraying "the meaning and implications of 'political distribution of health care services in the United States.' " In the following issue, *Editor & Publisher* stated editorially, "The 'contest' rules leave no doubt that this is a subtle bribe to cartoonists to support or oppose certain political beliefs . . . and to obtain general circulation for those beliefs in newspapers and magazines." Undeterred by the furor that the contest had caused, the N.P.C. proceeded to send a letter to all the country's doctors and clergymen—or, at least, all who were Christians. Described by the N.P.C. as "one of the few really vital pronouncements of an age," the letter started out "Dear Christian American," and went on to imply that certain non-Christians, whom it didn't identify, were leading the fight for socialized medicine. And the reader was warned to be prepared for the inevitable results of national health insurance—free love, birth control, and a dangerously high birth rate. The letter was signed "Reverend Dan Gilbert." In addition to being the editor of an extreme-rightist magazine called the *Defender*, Gilbert had been closely associated with the pro-Nazi Silver Shirts before the war. When the letter and Gilbert were described in the press, the A.M.A. quickly disavowed any connection with either of them. By the end of that year, the N.P.C. had spent, in all, more than a million dollars. It had apparently also spent whatever public prestige remained to it, for shortly afterward it was disbanded.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN's victory in the 1948 election was so narrow that to many people it seemed he had been given little more than the authority to remain in office. Although members of his party on the ticket regained control of Congress, their margin was slim, too, and a coalition of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans ran both houses, as it had before. To the A.M.A., however, the election results meant that socialized medicine was about to become the law of the land. A month after the election, the House of Delegates convened in St. Louis in what one participant called "a spirit of great urgency." In a closed session, one speaker said, "Within a period of months, a crisis will have to be met. This is not a mere statement—it is an incredible reality." By then, Mr. Truman had privately conceded that there was no hope of getting anything like the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill through Congress and had told his staff to look around for something more promising. The unions, having come to the same conclusion, had turned their attention to collective bargaining as the second-best way to get health protection for their members. In the opinion of some observers, the A.M.A.'s panic had been deliberately created by a handful of its top officers, who saw an opportunity to enlarge their own powers. This opinion gained wider acceptance when the board of trustees resolved that each A.M.A. member be assessed twenty-five dollars to create a three-and-a-half-million-dollar "war chest," which would be used to organize "the greatest grass-roots lobby in history." Although the A.M.A. had never imposed any form of dues in the hundred years of its existence, the delegates approved the resolution with little debate. Payment was to be voluntary the first year (nearly two-thirds of the members volunteered, quite a few of them after Dr. George Lull, the Association's secretary, announced that in the event of resistance "appropriate disciplinary action will be taken"), but it was to be mandatory from then on.

The assessment was widely criticized. The Lobby Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives called it "blatant, undisguised coercion," and G. Bromley Oxnam, a bishop of the Methodist Church and a member of the Committee for the Nation's Health, which had been established in 1946 in New York, said, "The assessment put upon every American doctor to raise a propaganda fund that today is being used to misinform a nation is a national disgrace." In the medical world, more than a hundred eminent physicians got together and signed a protest stating that the assessment would "add to the already firmly rooted suspicion that the Association's objectives are primarily

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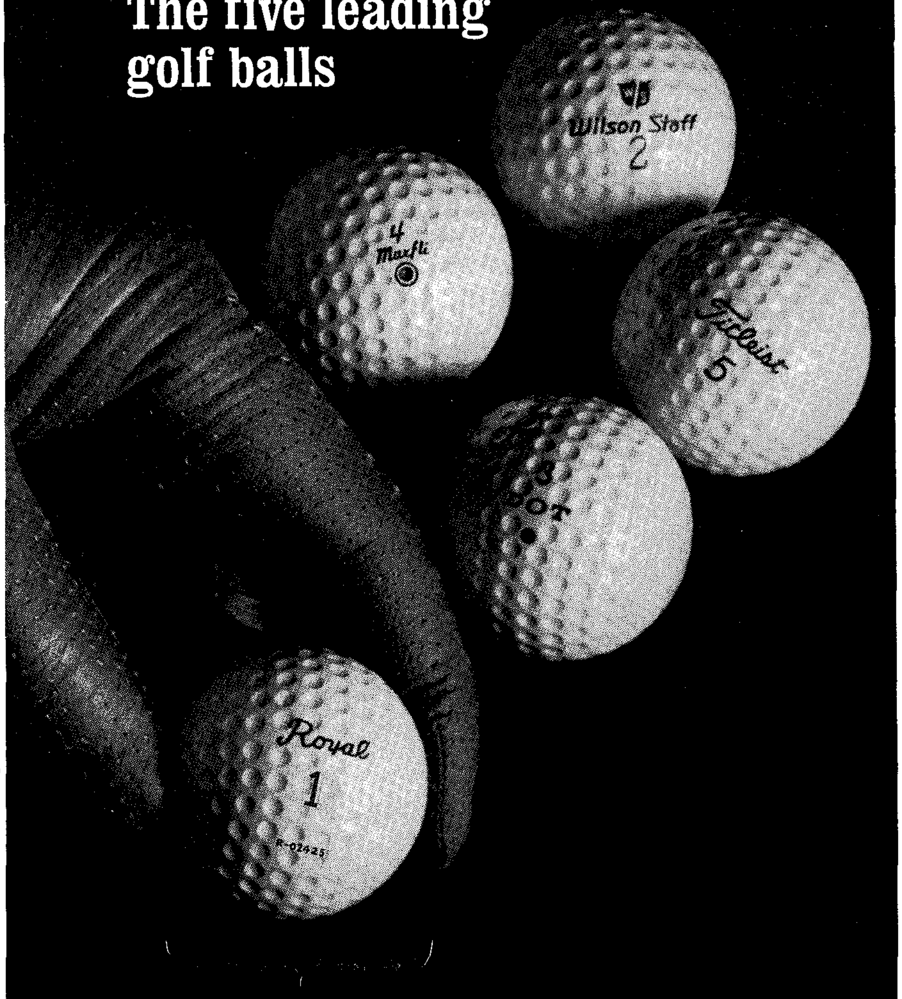

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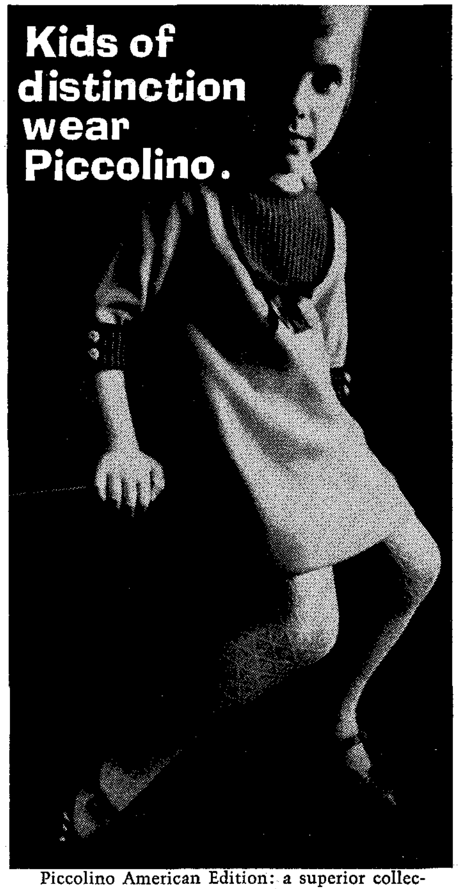
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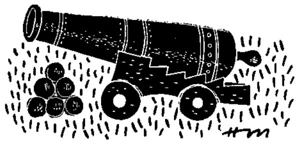
economic and selfish.” Many less eminent doctors were reluctant to speak out that frankly. Dr. Ernst P. Boas, chairman of a small and more or less heretical group called the Physicians’ Forum, pointed out in a letter to the *Times* that the A.M.A. was not a private club that one could easily resign from. “Membership is almost indispensable to the practicing physician, because many privileges and opportunities such as hospital appointments and admissions to examination by the specialty boards are largely contingent on such membership,” he explained. One man who decided that his membership was dispensable, whatever the cost, was Dr. James Howard Means, chief of medical services at the Massachusetts General Hospital, professor at the Harvard Medical School, and former president of the American College of Physicians; in resigning, he announced that he could not go on “supporting an activity . . . contrary to public welfare and unworthy of a learned profession.” The A.M.A. did not take this kind of criticism lying down. One of the physicians who had signed the protest against the assessment was notified by the Arkansas State Health Office that his appointment as a consultant to the Arkansas State Board of Health was being withdrawn because of his action. The A.M.A. called the Physicians’ Forum a Communist front. The *Journal* refused to print an advertisement for an issue of the *Atlantic* that contained an article by Dr. Means. And the president of the A.M.A., in a column that appeared in the *Journal*, told his readers, “The pinkish pigmentation (and that’s a mild way of saying it!) of the Committee for the Nation’s Health—many of whose officers, directors and most vocal members have been listed in the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee for subversive connections or activities—should give you new assurance of the rightness of your cause when that committee violently attacks you.” Besides Bishop Oxnam, the officers of the committee included Robert F. Wagner, Jr., Philip Murray, John Gunther, Arthur Goldberg, William Green, Robert E. Sherwood, Abe Fortas, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Perhaps the most objective comment on the whole question of the assessment was provided by Oscar Ewing, who served as Federal Security Administrator under President Truman. When asked about the A.M.A.’s new tactic, he said, “If their cause is good, they don’t need three and a half dollars. And if their cause is no good, ten times three and a half million dollars won’t enable them to fool the American people.”

Although the A.M.A. had stated that its new funds were to be spent not on lobbying but on “stimulation,” one of the first things it used the money for was to hire more lobbyists for its office in Washington. All the big decisions, however, were to be made in Chicago, and the bulk of the assessment was allocated to what was called a National Education Campaign. Everyone assumed that the campaign would be headed by Dr. Fishbein, but this time the trustees passed over Dr. Fishbein in favor of the firm of Whitaker & Baxter, which they retained at a fee of a hundred thousand dollars a year. (“The p.-r. fellows have been Rasputin to the medical profession’s czar,” Nelson Cruikshank, the social-security director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., remarked not long ago. “Ever since that first fat fee Whitaker & Baxter got, the rest of them have been trying to scare hell out of the A.M.A. It’s been rumored that they’ve even planted health-insurance bills in Congress, and then have run to the A.M.A. with surefire plans for defeating them.”) Some doctors were dismayed not only by the choice of campaign managers but by the campaign itself. One of them—Dr. Thomas S. Mattingly, a prominent physician in Washington, D.C., who said he had followed the debate over the Warren bill with “a sense of fascinated revulsion”—told the press that although Whitaker’s chief talent was for “the suffocating cliché,” apparently the A.M.A. had convinced itself that “Oscar Ewing would never socialize medicine so long as Whitaker & Baxter had three million dollars to spend on tracts, holy relics, and pictures.”



Whitaker & Baxter set up an office in Chicago, staffed it with thirty-seven assistants, and announced that it would put on a “factual and dignified” campaign. By the time President Truman delivered his State of the Union Address in January of 1949, and once more came out for the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, Whitaker & Baxter was ready for him. “We will offer a positive program,” Whitaker announced, “because we realize that you can’t beat something with nothing.” The positive program, like the reason given for offering it, turned out to be identical with the one that Whitaker & Baxter had persuaded the California Medical Association to accept in order to defeat the Warren bill—voluntary health insurance. "This brings the A.M.A. up to being only twenty years behind the times," one member of Congress said at the time. The A.M.A. did not make the advance without difficulty. To accept Whitaker's program, it had to abandon a number of positions it had previously held, including one of the most compelling arguments ever made against voluntary health insurance, which was published by its own Bureau of Medical Economics back in 1934. After deploring any form of compulsion in health-insurance matters, the bureau's report stated, "Without some form of compulsion, voluntary insurance fails of its objective of distributing the cost of sickness among large classes of the population with even approximate fairness. The young and healthy will not join and the aged and sickly, if accepted, will raise the cost to a prohibitive point and, if rejected, [will] remove protection from those most in need." But when the A.M.A. embraced voluntary health insurance in 1949, it also claimed that it had been one of the first supporters of the idea. The claim was not widely honored. An article that appeared in *Medical Economics*, a far from radical magazine, observed that "the doctrinaire view crediting the A.M.A. with early sponsorship of experimental voluntary prepayment programs emerges as a simple untruth." *Hospitals*, the official publication of the American Hospital Association, declared in an editorial, "It is a sad fact that through the 1930's and early 1940's the American Medical Association did not believe in voluntary sickness insurance, and did almost everything possible to prevent its development."

One of the pieces of literature most widely distributed during Whitaker & Baxter's National Education Campaign was a fifteen-page question-and-answer pamphlet entitled "The Voluntary Way Is the American Way." A sampling of its contents gives the flavor of the entire campaign:

Q. Who is for Compulsory Health Insurance?
A. The Federal Security Administration. The President. All who seriously believe in a Socialistic State. Every left-wing organization in America. . . . The Communist Party.

Q. What is "compulsory" about Compulsory Health Insurance?
A. The payroll tax is compulsory. There is no escape from it. But there is no compulsion on Government to . . . fulfill promises. That's the joker!

Q. How much will the tax be?
A. Sponsors have used various figures. Estimates range from 3% to 10% on

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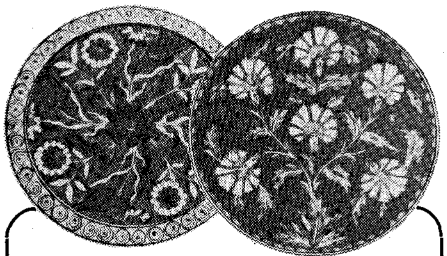

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every paycheck up to $4,800. [The government's highest estimate was four per cent, and the maximum taxable amount was not a paycheck of $4,800 but an annual income of $4,800.]

Q. Why should the cost, even for second-rate service, run so high?

A. . . . America would require a million and a half non-medical employes—clerks, adminstrators, bookkeepers and tax-collectors—on the Federal payroll, siphoning off medical funds before they ever bought the patient care of any kind. [That year, the number of civilian employees in the entire executive branch of the federal government was 1,702,377.]

Q. Where did Compulsory Health Insurance start?

A. Germany had the first and strongest all-inclusive program. If the world needs proof of what regimentation and political domination of doctors and scientists can do, even in this modern world—the Nuremberg Trials have supplied it. [Bismarck was not a defendant at Nuremberg.]

Q. Under Compulsory Health Insurance, may a patient choose his own doctor?

A. . . . There is no guarantee of freedom of choice. [The Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill guaranteed free choice.]. . . Proponents of Compulsory Health Insurance in this country promise that patients would be free to choose their own doctors. But this same promise was made in England. It is an empty promise, never kept. [Under Britain's National Health Service program, which went into effect in 1948, patients were able to choose their own doctors; they still are.]

Q. Would socialized medicine lead to socialization of other phases of American life?

A. Lenin thought so. He declared: "Socialized medicine is the keystone to the arch of the Socialist State." [The research staff of the Library of Congress has never been able to find this quotation, or anything like it, in Lenin's works.]

Whitaker & Baxter was said to be especially proud of another product of the National Education Campaign—a reproduction of Sir Luke Fildes's famous painting "The Doctor." The picture, which dates from the eighteen-forties, shows a doctor sitting, head in hand, beside a small girl on a makeshift bed of pillows on two chairs; the father is standing helplessly beside her, and the mother, her head down on a nearby table, is either sobbing or sleeping. Whitaker & Baxter had seventy thousand posters made up with the Fildes painting above this caption:

Keep Politics Out of This Picture!

When the life—or health of a loved one is at stake, hope lies in the devoted service of your Doctor. Would you change this picture?

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It would bring a third party—a politician—between you and your Doctor. It

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would bind up your family's health in red tape. It would result in heavy payroll taxes—and inferior medical care for you and your family. Don't let that happen here!

Dr. Means, of the Harvard Medical School, observing that anyone in his right mind certainly *would* change this picture, pointed out that Fildes's doctor was clearly not much better equipped to help the child than her parents were, and that under modern conditions she would be in a hospital, where a whole battery of third parties would come between the family and their doctor in order to save her life. A more appropriate title, he said, would have been "Keep This Picture Out of Medicine." Anachronism or not, the poster appeared in thousands of doctors' waiting rooms around the country. Before the year was out, Whitaker & Baxter had produced over forty other posters, plus pamphlets, leaflets, folders, booklets, cards, and cartoons, and had distributed, by its own count, 54,233,915 of them, at a cost of $1,045,614.52.

All this promotional material, while it was noisy enough to attract a good deal of attention, was only the small-arms fire of the campaign. For the big thrust, Whitaker & Baxter brought up heavy artillery—endorsement of the A.M.A.'s position by medical, paramedical, and, most important, nonmedical organizations throughout the country. Tactically, the support was made to appear the result of spontaneous indignation over what the government proposed to do. Form speeches were sent to all state and county medical societies, accompanied not only by specific instructions on where, when, and how they should be delivered but by lists of various groups in each region, noting who their officers were, when they met, and what kinds of audiences they could be expected to provide. The firm also sent each local medical society a batch of form resolutions that its speakers were to have endorsed by the organizations they addressed. Once an endorsement was obtained, copies were to be sent to the state governor and legislators, to members of Congress, and to the President. After that, the local society was to prepare press releases announcing the endorsement, and to deliver them to all newspapers and radio stations in the immediate area. By the end of 1949, Whitaker & Baxter had lined up eighteen hundred and twenty-nine organizations behind the A.M.A., including the Daughters of the American Revolution, the National Association of Retail Grocers, the United States Chamber of Com-

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MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005

this ham didn't buy a pig in a poke

Radio Ham operator A confided to Radio Ham operator B, during their evening sending-receiving session, that his firm was transferring him to a town 1000 miles away. Did Ham B know anything about the housing situation there? No, but Ham B, faced with a similar move not long before, had found exactly the home his family needed through Homerica. That's how Ham A came to us. We questioned him closely on his special requirements, found just the home he wanted, and the price was right. Homerica is the only nationwide homefinding service working solely for (and without charge to) the home buyer. Homerica has the housing facts on 4000 communities at its finger tips. Send for free booklet "We had to move to a new home town."

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Ferrara
PETIT BABA-AU-RHUM

PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or whipped cream.

FERRARA PANETTONE ITALIAN COFFEE CAKE

Panettone
Ferrara

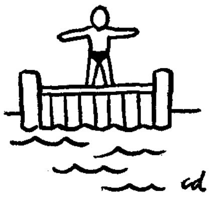
Fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

Ferrara
ESTABLISHED 1892
PASTRY AND COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

merce, the American Council of Christian Churches, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Grange, the American Legion, the National Conference of Catholic Charities, the American Bar Association, and the American Farm Bureau Federation, along with such less well-known but equally staunch supporters as the Trailer Coach Manufacturers Association, the American Institute of Laundering, the National Plywood Distributors Association, and the Toastmasters Club of West Frankfort, Illinois. Concurrently, Whitaker asked the secretary of each county medical society to get in touch with the personal physicians of members of the state's congressional delegation. The idea was that a congressman would surely pay special attention to a letter from his own doctor. "We will provide form letters," Whitaker promised, "but the society secretary should help the doctor, if necessary, in rewriting and personalizing the letter in each instance." Dr. Means, among others, took exception to this procedure. "Every doctor is invited to make a political pressure outpost of his private office!" he wrote in the *Atlantic*. "The personal physicians of politicians are being urged to put the heat on these, their patients, to vote right on medical bills. This last seems no longer necessary, as the bills are dead ducks anyway."

The suggestion that the A.M.A.'s multimillion-dollar onslaught amounted to no more than a furious bit of shadowboxing was not a popular one at A.M.A. headquarters. It was even less popular in the offices of Whitaker & Baxter, since the firm was engaged in a quiet power struggle with Dr. Fishbein over the question of who spoke for the A.M.A. Although Dr. Fishbein had been downgraded since Whitaker's arrival, he had continued to wage his own private war against the government—for the most part, in the pages of the *Journal*. At the A.M.A.'s convention in the summer of 1949, the House of Delegates gave Whitaker & Baxter a standing ovation for the job it was doing and renewed its contract for another year. At the same time, the board of trustees ordered Dr. Fishbein to "completely eliminate speaking on all controversial subjects," and restricted his official duties to working on the *Journal*. "Last June, the American Medical Association withdrew its Seal of Acceptance from Morris Fishbein," Mayer wrote in *Harper's* that fall. "Then, just so there would be no misunderstanding, it beat his head in, cut his heart out, and kicked him into the street. 'If the atmosphere becomes unpleasant,' said the Voice of American Medicine, picking himself up and straightening his necktie, 'I'll quit in five minutes.' " Apparently, an absence of controversy made the atmosphere unpleasant enough, for in December the A.M.A. announced, "regretfully," that Dr. Fishbein had retired, "after thirty-seven years of devoted service."



AMID the clamor of the National Education Campaign, another move that organized medicine made in 1949 went largely unnoticed. This was a decision to participate directly in political campaigns. The idea was not a new one. In the mid-thirties, an editorial in the *Journal* of the Indiana State Medical Association had suggested something of the sort:

> Let us inquiringly search out the legislative mesquite and the administrative underbrush and unmistakably brand with blackball votes this coming fall those mavericks whom we have reason to suspect of long-haired theories and pop-eyed reforms as regards goosestepping the medical profession. . . . Otherwise, in their guinea-pig-o-mania, they will march our ideals and idealisms, one by one, up that long, last hill for crucifixion. Once these have been nailed to the cross, then, indeed, it will be too late for us to seek the wailing-wall of remorse. . . . The merely gold-washed chains of ward-healer serfdom await the medical profession if organized medicine slumbers.

Since political activity might have endangered the A.M.A.'s tax-exempt status, opponents of guinea-pig-o-mania had to work independently of the national association. New York was the scene of their first attempt to brand a major candidate of national reputation with a blackball vote. In June, 1949, Senator Wagner resigned from office because of ill-health, and Governor Thomas E. Dewey appointed John Foster Dulles to fill his place until a special election could be held, that November. In mid-September, the Democratic and Liberal Parties chose former Governor Herbert H. Lehman as their candidate, and the Republicans chose Dulles. Although Lehman stated over and over, unequivocally, that he favored voluntary health insurance over compulsory health insurance, doctors around the state were convinced that he intended to goosestep the medical profession. A month before the election, a group of them got together and formed a committee called Doctors for Dulles, which was headed by Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd, a past president of both the A.M.A. and the New York State Medical Society. The committee included thirty-five physicians, all either past presidents or former officers of the state society. Their first move was to send letters to more than twenty-six thousand doctors around the state advising them that a vote for Dulles was "a vote against political medicine" and urging them to use their influence "in every possible way" to keep the incumbent in office. Next, Dr. Heyd and his staff met with Governor Dewey and *his* staff to work out a joint strategy. This consisted of dividing the state into twenty-six districts, each with a "healing-arts committee" made up of doctors, dentists, nurses, medical technicians, pharmacists, and people in allied fields. The first order that went out to the "captain" of each committee was "Familiarize yourself with background of Socialized medicine." That accomplished, the captains were instructed to get the active coöperation of their county medical societies, or, if they couldn't, to "select four or five outstanding doctors in each county who are against Socialized medicine." Each local "working group" was then expected to write a letter to every doctor in the county, followed up by a telephone call, asking him to vote for Dulles. Each doctor was also to be asked to write and telephone everyone he knew with the same request, and to place campaign material in his waiting room—in short, as the instructions urged, "to go all out . . . with his friends and patients." Nearly eleven thousand physicians in the state coöperated. Before they were through, they had sent more than a million and a quarter letters to patients, had distributed hundreds of thousands of campaign leaflets, had made thousands of telephone calls, and had paid for scores of radio spot announcements and dozens of newspaper advertisements. Dulles lost by two hundred thousand votes, but the doctors who had worked for him drew solace from the belief that their local efforts had helped carry fifty-seven of the state's sixty-two counties for him.

The forces of organized medicine were also active in another special election that year—one that was held in the Twenty-sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania. Healing-arts committees there sent out close to two hundred thousand letters to patients and acquaintances, made more than a hundred thousand telephone calls, bought many hours of radio time, and placed advertisements in every newspaper in the district. It was a Republican strong-

Olé
IMPORTED
Olé
Tequila
MADE IN MEXICO

Before you say tequila, say "Olé!"

Olé Tequila makes the best Margaritas in town! Lightly salt the moistened rim of a cocktail glass. Shake an ounce of dry, delicious Olé Tequila, ½ ounce of Triple Sec and an ounce of lime or lemon juice with cracked ice. Strain and serve.

OLÉ TEQUILA 80 AND 100 PROOF • © OLÉ PRODUCTS CO., FRESNO, CALIF., AND SCHENLEY, PA.

ARDEN for MEN
FOAM SHAVING CREAM
SANDALWOOD
SHAVE
CREAM DEODORANT

Give yourself a fresh start...

With Arden for Men preparations you face the morning with a reassuring sense of perfection, pleased with their subtle tang of Sandalwood.

arden for men

created by Elizabeth Arden 1 East 54th Street

Jamaica Arms

IF YOU CAN'T ESCAPE to the Indies, Drop your Anchor at this Eſpecial Retreat on the Iſland of Manhattan; Enjoy Authentick Calypso Musick; EAT HEARTY!

Second Avenue at 69 Crossing Street

Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine

Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

- IMPERIAL 935 Lex. at 69 St. • LE 5-4070
- GOURMET 157 W. 49 St. • JU 2-8182
- EAST 75 E. 55 St. • PL 3-4930
- WEST 143 W. 49 St. • PL 7-1170
- QUEENS 91-16 59th Ave. (Nr. Queens Blvd. & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166

hold, and the Republican candidate, John P. Saylor, who campaigned against national health insurance, won.

At the end of 1949, Whitaker & Baxter, in a report on its activities for the A.M.A., asserted that everything the firm had done had been based on a belief, shared by everyone in the Association, that "the important consideration is not what would happen to doctors under a system of political medicine but what would happen to the American people." In 1950, organized medicine embarked on an even more elaborate campaign to save the American people from socialized medicine. In February, in a speech before the second national conference of the National Education Campaign, Whitaker recounted the experiences of the healing-arts committees in New York and Pennsylvania, and remarked that there was some talk of setting up similar committees around the country for the forthcoming congressional elections. After reminding his audience that neither the A.M.A. nor its public-relations advisers could legally be associated in any way with these committees, he said, "Without doubt, the most effective single mission doctors can perform in a Congressional campaign, in most districts, is a thoroughgoing letter-writing job, beamed to their patients—*personal* letters, signed by the doctor on his professional letterhead, and mailed in his own envelopes." Within a few months, a surprisingly large number of healing-arts committees had sprung up spontaneously around the country and begun organizing a vast letter-writing campaign.

Although circumscribed by the law, the A.M.A. did have some plans of its own for election time. The previous November, Whitaker, this time in a speech before the National Editorial Association, had told the assembled editors that there was a scurrilous rumor going around, "an absolutely fraudulent story, implying that the managers of the American Medical Association's campaign planned to bribe the American press." Having dismissed the notion as ridiculous, he announced that the A.M.A.'s plans for the following year included a "newspaper advertising schedule," and added, "Every bona fide newspaper in America, every one of the twelve thousand . . . will be in that schedule." In conclusion, he said, "When the time comes that your critics attempt to make the people of this country feel that the press can be bought, and that your editorial columns are for sale; when that propaganda is spread by those in the government or

DANISH MARY

A Bloody Mary gone Danish... made with Aalborg Akvavit instead of vodka. Deliciously different... it's not only "in" but out of this world!

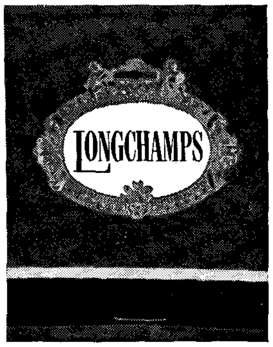
HERE'S HOW:

1 jigger AALBORG AKVAVIT
3 oz. tomato juice
Juice of ½ lime
Dash celery salt
Stir (don't shake) with plenty of ice until chilled
Pour into 6 oz. glass.

P.S. You'll enjoy Aalborg Akvavit straight and icy cold, too, especially with Smorgasbord.

AALBORG AKVAVIT
86 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N. Y.

Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



ADIRONDACK ADVENTURE

Embark on a holiday of fun and excitement. 1500 romantic wooded acres, 60 acre private lake, fishing, boating, water-skiing, all sports. 11 top pro tennis courts, entertainment, dance orchestra, chef cuisine. An adult resort owned and managed by the Slutsky family.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
Chestertown, New York
Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. DE 2-4578

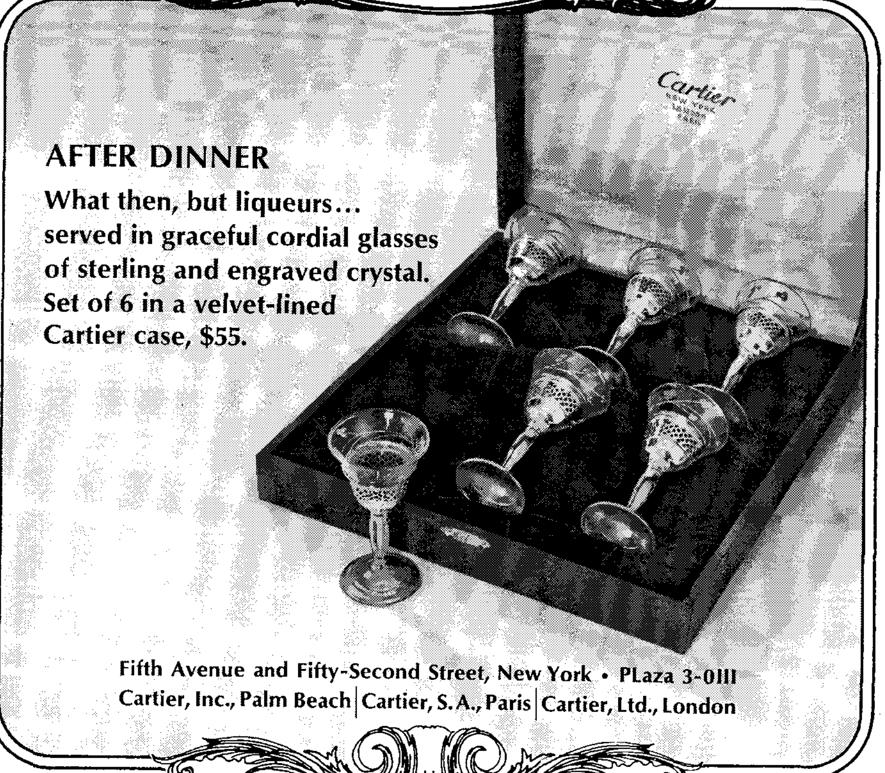
IN LONDON
VISIT VIVIAN'S RESTAURANT
LORD VIVIAN Provides Excellent Cuisine in the Knightsbridge Shopping Center Behind Harrods.
Closed: Sun. & Mon.
12:30 - 3 PM Luncheon
7:00 - 11:30 PM Reservations: Ken 1723

by their agents, I think it is time for American newspapers and American doctors to make common cause and not stop fighting until we throw the rascals out." The advertising schedule that was promised was enormous—probably the greatest in American political history—but Whitaker was as good as his word. In June, the A.M.A.'s board of trustees announced that it had approved an advertising budget of $1,110,000, of which $560,000 would go for large advertisements in every newspaper in the country, $300,000 for radio spot announcements, and $250,000 for magazine advertising. This publicity barrage was to be fired off late in October, just before the elections. "We want the terrific impact of all the media hitting at once," Whitaker explained.

In the meantime, campaign headquarters in Chicago mailed stereotype mats to the advertising directors of more than ten thousand newspapers; each mat provided space for a tie-in arrangement that could be used by small local concerns, and an accompanying letter pointed out that businesses that ordinarily didn't feel they could afford advertising might be willing to pay for ready-made layouts requiring only the addition of the company's name at the bottom. Thousands of small businessmen went for the idea, including dairy owners ("Selling Milk is Selling Health! . . . Our service to this community has much in common with that of the medical profession"), merchants ("What's Wrong With Freedom? . . . All freedoms stand or fall together. That's why we take our stand today, with the doctors of America, for the Voluntary system"), restaurant, saloon, and soda-fountain proprietors ("There's No Such Thing As a Free Lunch! . . . We want a free America—not the 'free lunch' sort of Government"), and pharmacists ("From Pills to Penicillin . . . This progress is more than statistics—it's people! And the people we know don't want it tampered with!").

Big businesses were by no means ignored. Dr. Elmer Henderson, who was president of the A.M.A. that year, signed a letter that went out to the presidents of twenty-five thousand corporations, urging them to buy tie-in advertising of their own for the big push in October. Before long, representatives of some of the nation's largest insurance companies, railroads, private utilities, pharmaceutical firms, retail chains, and Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans agreed to take their share. "An estimated $19 million will come from

Cartier



AFTER DINNER

What then, but liqueurs...
served in graceful cordial glasses
of sterling and engraved crystal.
Set of 6 in a velvet-lined
Cartier case, $55.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York • PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NH, Trenton, N. J.

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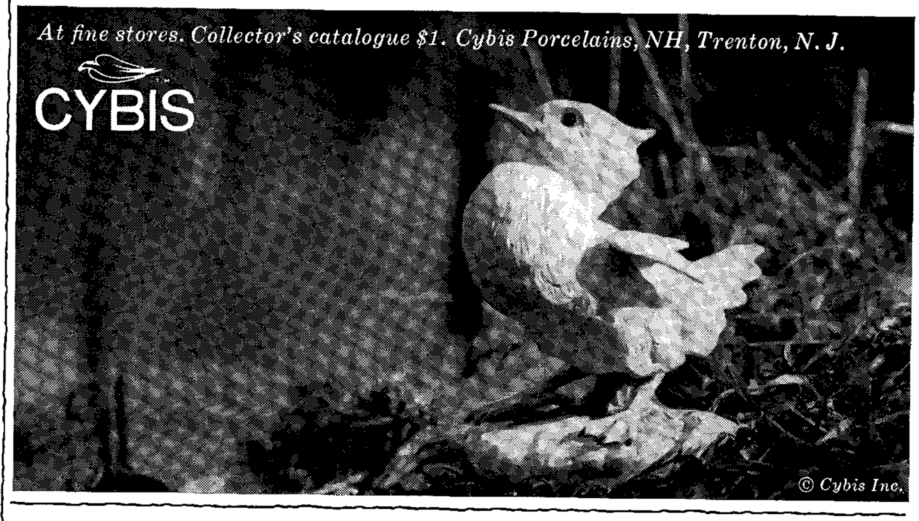

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CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

You're not just another pebble on the beach at the Dennis.

You're special! You stay in our charming ocean front hotel or new motel. Swim in our two pools, sun on our beach, stroll the boardwalk, go cycling, or play golf nearby. The Cub Club keeps the kids entertained. Enjoy dancing nightly in the Fjord Room. Marvelous meals. Children under 12 stay free in their parents' room. Free parking, too. Make your reservations today!

Tel.: Atlantic City
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HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

BILL OF FARE

Splendiferous Steaks

Double-Barrelled Drinks

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OLD BOURBON *Steak* HOUSE

THE NEW YORK HILTON at Rockefeller Center

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53rd to 54th Streets New York, N.Y.

JUdson 6-7000

MONMOUTH PARK

Resort of Racing

OCEANPORT, N. J.

2 miles from Garden St. Pkwy., Exit 105

NOW thru Aug. 6

SPECIAL TRAINS Direct to Grandstand (DST)
Lv. Penn. Station, NY ....11:48 AM Daily
Lv. Newark (Penn.) ....12:04 PM Daily
Lv. Liberty St., NY (CRRNJ) 12:00 Noon Daily
Lv. New'k (CNJ) 12:10 (Sats. & July 4, 12:00)

SPECIAL BUSES, Garden St. Pkwy: Lv. Port Auth. Term., 8 Ave. & 41 St., 10 to 12:30 Daily

CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED

POST 2 PM • Daily Double 1:50 PM

NEW LIFE

FOR YOUR FAVORITE TIES

Our own unique method of cleaning, hand-pressing and rolling edges restores original beauty.

WIDE TIES NARROWED

to the new, smart, slim shapes.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

TIES CLD. & NAR....$3.00 ea. 6 for $16.50
TIES CLEANED...... 1.50 ea. 6 for 8.40
TIES NARROWED ... 1.50 ea. 6 for 8.70

THE TIE CLINIC

Mail Order Dept. N-13
755 Dean St., B'klyn, N. Y. 11238
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
38 E. 57th St., N. Y. 152 W. 42nd St., N. Y.
200 W. 34th St., N. Y. 120 Liberty St., N. Y.

Enclose payment, save return postage

these tie-in ads," Jean Begeman reported in the *New Republic*. "Newspaper and radio admen, who have watched this bonanza grow, look to October as the lushest in advertising history." Senator Murray called the bonanza "a tragic waste" and enumerated some of the things that could have been done with the money, such as paying the medical expenses of a hundred and sixty thousand poor families or underwriting the tuition costs of nine thousand medical students—enough to care for six million patients. Instead, the money was paid to carry the A.M.A.'s message in newspapers with a combined circulation of 115,630,487, in magazines with a combined circulation of 55,202,080, and over radio stations with a total of 108,205,034 listeners. "We didn't have to ask ourselves, at the end of that campaign, where the American people stood," Whitaker said later. "We had dramatic proof of it, not only in the record-breaking amount of tie-in advertising but in the thousands of letters which poured into our offices from all over the nation."

Among a number of developments for which the A.M.A. took credit in 1950 was the defeat of several of its enemies in Congress—Senators Claude Pepper, of Florida, and Frank Graham, of North Carolina, in primary contests, and Senator Elbert Thomas, of Utah, and Representatives Eugene O'Sullivan, of Nebraska, and Andrew Biemiller, of Wisconsin, in the election. Doctors were unquestionably active in these races, but, in the opinion of many political analysts, at least two of the candidates lost for other reasons—Pepper because he was charged with not being sufficiently anti-Communist, and Graham because he was charged with not being sufficiently anti-Negro. Whether the number of scalps was three or five, though, it was generally agreed (outside the A.M.A.) that they had been collected at a cost out of all proportion to their value. That year, the A.M.A. reported spending two and a half million dollars on its public-relations campaign and on direct lobbying.

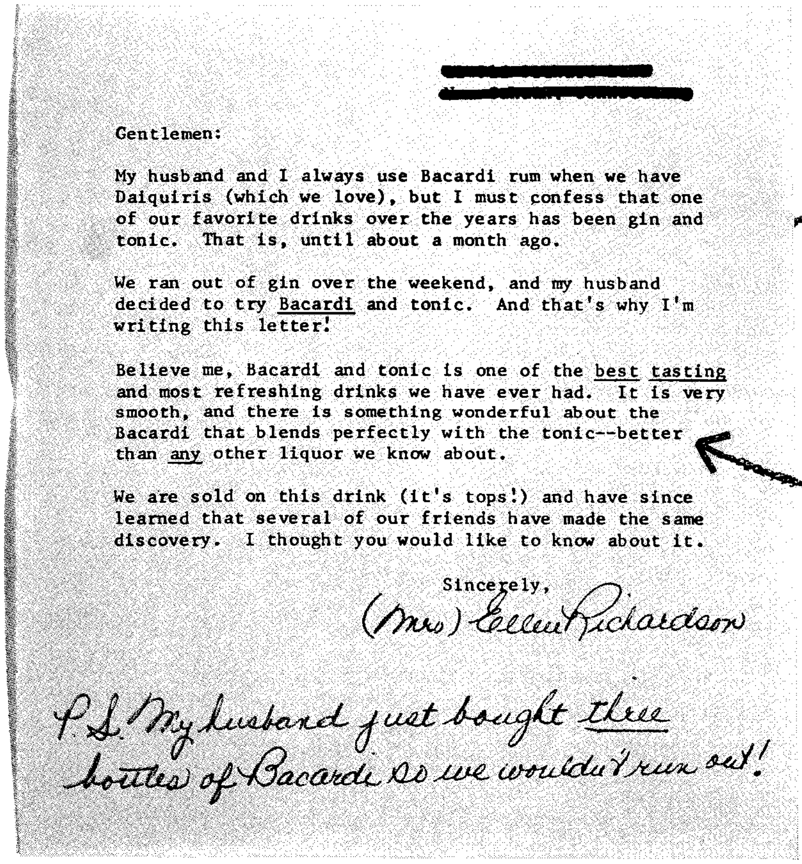
All in all, 1950 was probably the busiest year in the A.M.A.'s history. Even apart from its National Education Campaign, it was unusually active in the capital. Its lobbyists there worked to head off seven health-insurance measures (none of them the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, which even its sponsors had given up on) and to block a number of fringe proposals, including bills to expand public-school medical programs; to set up a new department for all health, education, and welfare activities; to give federal aid to various rural health plans, local public-health units, and medical schools; and to provide disability insurance under the Social Security system.

UNKNOWN to the A.M.A., some of the forces against which it was waging its war were quietly preparing to open a new front. Ewing, who was under orders from the White House to come up with a health-insurance plan that would be politically acceptable, had been looking around all year for some alternative to the Wagner-Murray-Dingell approach. Finally, near the end of 1950, he and the two aides who had written the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bills, Cohen and Falk, decided to concentrate their efforts on a more or less modest idea that they thought might be put across. As officials of the Federal Security Agency, which ran the Social Security program, they were thoroughly familiar with the problems facing the aged, one of the most burdensome of which was the cost of illness. Although the three men didn't have precise statistics on the matter, they were well aware that older people were far more susceptible to sickness and far less able to pay for medical treatment than any other group. They also knew that hospital costs—the largest item in the medical budget—were rising at a rate of more than five per cent a year, and that the fastest-growing segment of the population consisted of persons over sixty-five. Their idea, then, was to provide all men and women who were getting Social Security pensions—some seven million people—with sixty days of free hospital care a year. This approach had been discussed among officials of the Social Security Board as early as 1944, but it had never been taken very seriously, because of the emphasis nearly everyone placed in those days on legislation that would provide much broader coverage. "Before this, we'd been thinking in the billions," Cohen, who is now Under Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, recalled recently. "The new idea seemed pretty paltry at first—a trifling two hundred and thirty million dollars a year. In the beginning, we looked at it as a small way of starting something big—what the A.M.A. likes to call 'a foot in the door.' But in time the bill we wrote—or, anyway, the idea behind it—became our *only* goal. Although the doctors are convinced that we in-

BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM, 80 AND 151 PROOF.

LIGHT-DRY
TONIC
SILVER LABEL
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
DISTILLED, PREPARED & BOTTLED BY
BACARDI CORP.
SAN JUAN, P.R.
PUERTO RICAN RUM
MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI
Schweppes
QUININE

Thank you, Mrs. Richardson, for running out of you-know-what.



[redacted]

Gentlemen:

My husband and I always use Bacardi rum when we have Daiquiris (which we love), but I must confess that one of our favorite drinks over the years has been gin and tonic. That is, until about a month ago.

We ran out of gin over the weekend, and my husband decided to try Bacardi and tonic. And that's why I'm writing this letter!

Believe me, Bacardi and tonic is one of the best tasting and most refreshing drinks we have ever had. It is very smooth, and there is something wonderful about the Bacardi that blends perfectly with the tonic--better than any other liquor we know about.

We are sold on this drink (it's tops!) and have since learned that several of our friends have made the same discovery. I thought you would like to know about it.

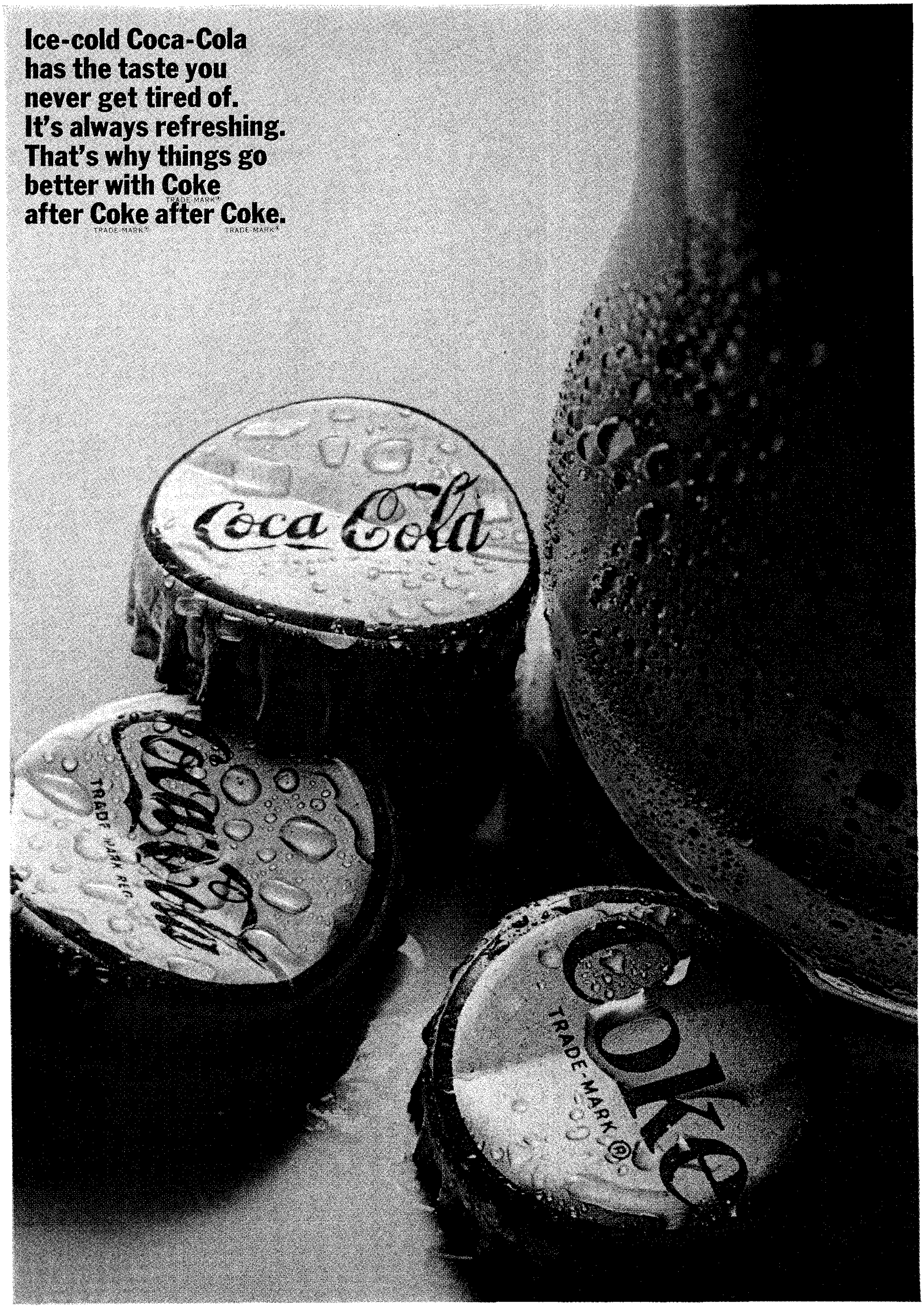
Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ellen Richardson

P.S. My husband just bought three bottles of Bacardi so we wouldn't run out!

You're *so* right, Mrs. R. We make Bacardi rum so it *will* blend perfectly with just about every mixer. We make it dry, smooth and light-bodied. That's why we can tell people: "Drink Bacardi—it's enjoyable always and *all* ways!"

DRINK BACARDI® RUM & TONIC
–SO GOOD IT'S STARTED A TREND!


Ice-cold Coca-Cola
has the taste you
never get tired of.
It's always refreshing.
That's why things go
better with Coke
TRADE-MARK®
after Coke after Coke.
TRADE-MARK®
TRADE-MARK®
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG
Coke
TRADE-MARK ®

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tend to expand it downward, to individuals under sixty-five, I don't think a single responsible person in the government has any such intentions. As far as I'm concerned, this is America's form of national health insurance. Anyway, it's all been very Hegelian. The state and federal proposals for compulsory health insurance were the thesis, the A.M.A.'s violent opposition was the antithesis, and Medicare is the synthesis."

In June, 1951, Ewing held a press conference at which he outlined the new plan. "It is difficult for me to see how anyone with a heart can oppose this," he said. Ultimately, the A.M.A. was to oppose it with all its heart, but right then it was too busy lobbying against the moribund Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, at a cost of almost half a million dollars, to pay much attention to the new proposal. National health insurance in any form seemed to be a dead issue at the time. In his State of the Union Address in 1952, President Truman mentioned it only in general terms. Neither the Democratic platform nor the Party's Presidential candidate that year stressed the issue, although General Eisenhower came out against socialized medicine. ("I don't like the word 'compulsory,' " he said.) In 1952, the A.M.A. spent only a quarter of a million dollars fighting the old Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, which wasn't introduced in Congress that year. No money was set aside to be used against the Ewing-Cohen-Falk bill to provide medical care for the aged, which was quietly filed that April by Murray in the Senate and by Dingell in the House. "Prospects for action this session appear remote," the New York *Times* noted afterward.

The A.M.A. apparently believed that the prospects of what has since come to be known as Medicare were nonexistent. In September, 1952, Dr. Louis H. Bauer, the incumbent president of the Association, announced that the fight against national health insurance had been won, and that the A.M.A.'s National Education Campaign was being disbanded. "The American Medical Association, on this occasion, wishes to thank the American people for their heartening demonstration of confidence and support," Dr. Bauer said. In all, the three-and-a-half-year National Education Campaign for the American people's support had cost the A.M.A. $4,678,000, of which about a third of a million dollars had been Whitaker & Baxter's fee. Of course, the amount officially spent by the forces of organized medicine

Hunger is one meal a day

CHUNG JIN SOOK, KOREAN, AGE 7. One of five children. Father dead. Typhus. Mother does odd jobs. Earns about $5 per month. Must resort to begging food for children. One meal a day. Boiled barley or noodles. Children always hungry. Home is a hut. Roof oiled paper. Walls straw bags and paper boxes. Winter's bitter. Rain and snow leak through roof. Family destitute. Mother desperate for children she cannot feed, clothe and shelter adequately. Help to Jin Sook means help to entire family.

You or your group can become a Foster Parent of a needy child. You will be sent the case history and photo of your "adopted" child and letters from the child himself. Correspondence is translated by PLAN. The child knows who you are. At once he is touched by love and a sense of belonging. Your pledge provides new clothing, blankets, education and medical care, as well as a cash grant of $8 every month. Each child receives full measure of material aid from your contribution. Distribution of goods is supervised by PLAN staff and is insured against loss in every country where PLAN operates. **Help in the responsible way. "Adopt" a child through Foster Parents' Plan. Let some child love you.**

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represented only part of the total cost. In addition to expenditures by individual doctors and business allies, which must have run well into the millions, there were certain hidden costs that couldn't be reckoned at the time. For example, one Midwestern congressman with substantial seniority felt that the over-all effect of the floods of mail and petitions he and his colleagues received may have been very different from what the senders intended. "I don't think a man in the House was influenced by that stuff—unless he wanted to use it to justify a position he'd already decided on," he said not long ago. "Most of it was junk—form letters and form resolutions that none of us pay any attention to, because we know they don't represent what our constituents are really thinking. For myself, the A.M.A. blitz had a very strong negative effect. I knew what was in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, and I knew that the A.M.A.'s advertisements and press releases were ridiculous. That kind of campaign, coming from that kind of profession, just disgusted me. Even personally written and obviously sincere letters that I got from some voters in my district who had been misled by this propaganda didn't affect me. I didn't come to Washington to obey the dictates of the misinformed."

Propaganda can be a dangerous weapon to use, and in the country at large the medical profession's immense outlay may have brought about precisely what it least wanted—increased public interest in some form of national health insurance. "Thanks to Whitaker & Baxter, there is a general public awareness that the federal government *could* do something about the health of the nation," an editorial in the magazine *Survey* pointed out at the time. "Eventually, organized medicine may discover it has rendered a public service it never intended paying for."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

With limited resources at his command, each youth must meet and conquer his own Achilles' heel. —*Report of the General Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools.*

Best way is to wham it with your own petard.

•

A spokesman said that investigation of the accident, in which a wing fell off while the plane was on a practice strafing run, showed flight deficiencies in the plane.
—*The Times.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Ups and Downs

THE Horse of the Week—and maybe the Horse of the Year—is Ogden Phipps' Buckpasser, who ran away with the Arlington Classic in Chicago last Saturday and established a world's record of 1:32⅗ for the mile in doing so. Creme dela Creme was second, He Jr. was third, and Buckpasser's stablemate Impressive, who set a tremendous pace for more than three-quarters of the way, held on to be fourth. Kauai King, the Kentucky Derby winner, whose prospects looked so bright a few weeks ago that he was syndicated for $2,520,000, finished fifth of the eight runners, and after the race it was discovered that he had pulled a suspensory ligament in his left foreleg. That ended his racing career, of course, and Michael Ford, who owned him and organized the syndicate, announced that although the colt's stud value was unimpaired, any shareholders who wanted to could pull out of the deal. "They didn't get a full roll of the dice on his racing," he said.

THIS department's current heroine is Lady Pitt, who won the Coaching Club American Oaks at Aqueduct last Saturday. Consistency in three-year-old fillies is the exception rather than the rule, and right now this gallant little runner from the Golden Triangle stable stands out a jewel. A fortnight earlier, I saw her take the Mother Goose Stakes in fine style, and as I watched her on TV in the Oaks, she appeared to be mistress of the situation. At the end of the mile and a quarter, she passed the post nearly a length ahead of Gentle Rain, who was disqualified for interfering with Help On Way (what's in a name?) in the run through the stretch. Pride's Profile was then placed second and Help On Way third. Once more, Moccasin disappointed her stable and her rapidly diminishing group of admirers. She showed early speed, then faded, finishing fifth. Apparently, her stable doesn't take "No" for an answer.

TITLED HERO, who was looked upon as the best two-year-old in Canada last year, won the Queen's Plate, as expected, at Woodbine in Toronto last Saturday, beating Bye and Near by three lengths, with Bright Monarch third, another six and a half lengths behind. Though there were murmurs that it really wasn't much of a race—no doubt because the favorite didn't win by at least seven lengths—I thought it was a thriller. Eleven three-year-olds paraded to the post, and Titled Hero, who was the pick on looks, had a good position behind the leaders for three furlongs of the mile and a quarter, and when Gomez, who rode him, made his move, it reminded me of the way Northern Dancer ran over his opposition in the Plate two years ago. On the turn for home, however, Bye and Near, who had apparently been disposed of, came back with a lively challenge, and the two went at it with whips flying. Gomez said later that his mount had tired badly in the last furlong; probably that was because he'd had a hard race in the Plate trial. Bright Monarch, trained by Johnny Longden, who hardly looks older than he did when he rode for the Wheatley Stable, made a good try. E. P. Taylor's Arctic Troops was never in the picture, but Mr. Taylor had the satisfaction of having bred the winner—the fourteenth winner of this race that he has bred in the last eighteen years.

Titled Hero, who is a strapping, showy black colt by Canadian Champ, winner of the Plate in 1956, is owned by Peter Marshall, son of the late Colonel K. R. Marshall, who was head of the Ontario Jockey Club for years. The trainer is Pat MacMurchy, who once was pony boy for the celebrated Zev. This was MacMurchy's second Plate winner; the first was Blue Light, in 1961. Plans for Titled Hero include the Choice Stakes at Monmouth this month and the Travers at Saratoga in August.

The Queen's Plate is always a good show. This year, it was Lieutenant-Governor Earle Rowe who rode the stretch in a landau escorted by the Governor-General's Horse Guards. His Excellency is an old trotting-horse man, and frequently turns up at Greenwood, a track for light-harness racing, and gets behind a fancy stepper. His most notable feat, ten years ago, was driving two trotting mares, hitched tandem, and setting a track record. Speaking of records, the temperature was somewhere in the nineties at Woodbine last Saturday, and one of the features of the day was a fashion show, in which fifteen mannequins appeared wearing long fur coats. The Maple Leaf Forever!

—AUDAX MINOR

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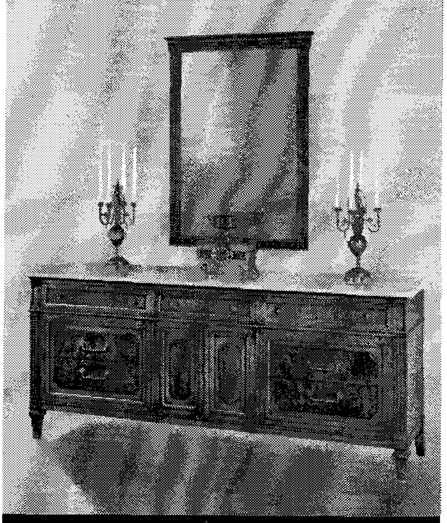

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Yes, Yes

THE way you feel about "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" will depend to some extent, of course, on the way you felt about the play on Broadway four years ago. I liked it very much, with certain reservations, and I found the movie most admirable, again with a reservation or two, and in some ways an improvement. As a matter of fact, Mike Nichols, the director; Ernest Lehman, the adapter; and the cast all serve Edward Albee so well that I found myself marvelling once again at the brilliance of his play.

By now, so much pre-première information and flapdoodle have appeared in print that I assume nobody needs to be told that Martha and George, that pair of super-gamesmen who torture each other for a number of reasons—among them, just to keep in touch—are played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, and that the couple who become their not quite so innocent victims during the night they all spend together are Sandy Dennis, as Honey, and George Segal, as Nick. The intimacy of a play often vanishes on the screen, what with all those planned photographs of outsize people, but in this case it is miraculously preserved, although there are, of course, planned photographs of outsize people. The talk, which cuts to the quick, is profane, as indeed it should be. The changes of setting—from the living room to the yard outside to the front steps of the house to a car to a roadhouse—in no way diminish the force or dim the wit of the drama; so much of it is funny, and every moment of it is alive and right. The opening scene, in which Martha does her comic speech about the old Bette Davis movie, is played in the kitchen, with Miss Taylor tearing and chewing away at a chicken drumstick. The scene in which George confides in Nick about a boyhood that turns out to be his own, and in which Nick—*quid pro quo*—tells George about being trapped into marriage with Honey and about her rich father, takes place under a tree on the lawn, as the men lie on the grass or sit in a swing. Honey does her loopy interpretive dance, George betrays Nick's shoddy confidences, and Martha makes her bald play for Nick at an empty roadhouse, with Martha frugging away as George turns up the Anvil Chorus on a jukebox. It all seems absolutely O.K., and so does the scene, again on the lawn, in which Honey—this time quietly, almost under her breath—tells George that she is afraid to have children, while the shadows of Martha and Nick can be seen on the shade of the bedroom window.

The play, which ran for around three hours, has been cut to a movie that runs slightly over two, and as far as I could tell, little has been lost and a lot gained in the cutting. Many of George's taunts and accusations about Martha's incestuous feelings for her father have been either so pared down or so played down that one barely notices them—or, for that matter, misses them, although it could be argued that the elision removes a key motive for George's behavior. There's nothing like incest in the family to take the starch out of a man. The strong application of litany and mysticism that almost spoiled the third act of the play for me is made much briefer, more ironic, and less emphatic, and now seems entirely in keeping.

Surely one test of a director is the calibre of the work of the actors under his direction. As a catalyst, then, Mike Nichols, in this, his first film, shows himself to be excellent. Richard Burton is quite wonderful in a part that, for once, makes full use of his ability as well as of his extraordinary dramatic intelligence. Perhaps the most important change of all in the move from stage to screen is that Martha's play has become George's movie. In contrast to Arthur Hill's frayed, acid George (also a fine performance), Burton's is a haggard man, tormented and depleted by the cruelty he must inflict and receive as he and Martha flash from one savage game to the next, because that is the way things go with them. There is always the intimation of great power held in check in his performance, and my only reservation about it—a niggling one—is that in spite of the lines on his face and the wary or hurt or exhausted look of his eyes, it is hard to accept him as the academic second-rater he is meant to be. If this George is a failure, it could be only by his own choice. Uta Hagen, of Broadway, is Martha forever. Nonetheless, Elizabeth Taylor seems to me always to be on the right track. Every once in a while, when she hits it exactly, she shows an animation and an excitement that add something in an extramural kind of way. At times, when she doesn't hit it exactly, she appears to be a girl playing a charade in a frowzy wig. Miss Dennis and Mr. Segal, by the high quality of their playing (and, of course, by Mr. Nichols' use of their quality), make the other couple totally clear, showing them up for the paltry two that they are, but no less vulnerable for being paltry. When a performance is as triumphant as Miss Dennis's—her film début is just as gratifying as Mr. Nichols'—any description seems irrelevant. It is a matter not of what she does but of what she is. What she is is Honey, that queasy, dazed "funny bunny," whose every note is a clinker. A word should be said, too, for the settings and props. There is a picture of Marianne Moore on the mantelpiece in the living room, Nick leafs through a copy of the *Paris Review*, which he picks up from a coffee table, and Günter Grass's "The Tin Drum" is on display in the bookcase. Just right.

—EDITH OLIVER

●

THE CHESS BOARD

NO. 817. GROUSING ABOUT GROUSE

Some of us, I dare say, are eagerly counting the five or six weeks to elapse till grouse, once again, may grace our table. But a surfeit of even so delicious a bird may well be as tiresome as (round about the year 1600) a certain *curé* found out to his cost. Being the confessor of Henry IV, he had ventured to reprimand that bearded monarch for his numerous love affairs; whereupon the King gave orders for the priest to be served grouse and nothing but grouse day after day.

I quote my knowledgeable friend Kurt Richter who used the anecdote by way of apology for repeating (in his excellent column in *Schach*) the all too familiar stratagem of the Bh7:† sacrifice, followed by Qh5†. But observe the little difference on each of these occasions. First Akimov-Zelenka, Ukraine 1964: / 3r1rk1 / 1b2bppp / pqkt1pkt2 / 1p1pKt1B1 / 3P4 / 2Kt1P2P / PP3PP1 / 1BRQ1RK1 / . 1) . . . Rfe8??; 2) Bf6:, Bf6:; 3) Bh7:†,Kh7:; 4) Qh5†,Kg8; 5) Qf7:†, Kh7; 6) Ktd7!! (the little difference), forcing . . . Rd7: and winning *both* rooks after 7) Qh5†!, etc.—*The New Statesman.*

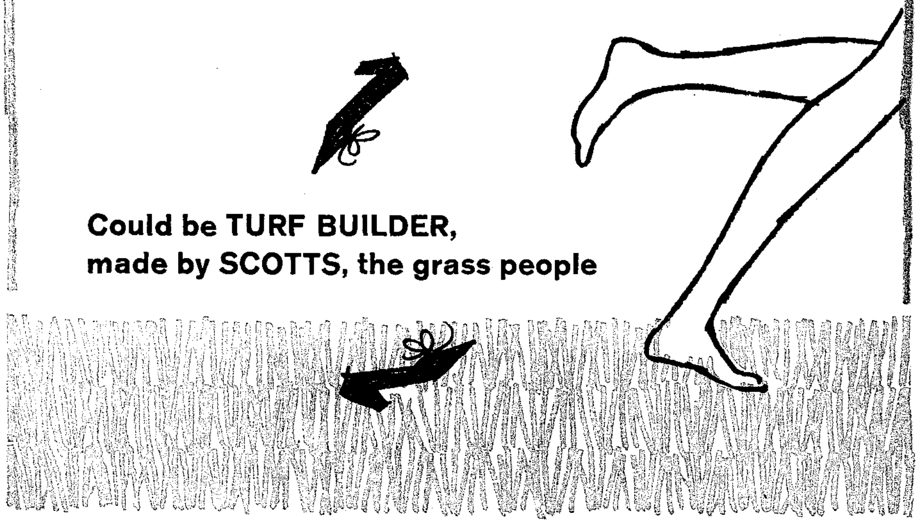
Thank God for the little Ktd7!!

●

The mounting surplus is furrowing many a brow in Detroit. At the end of September, dealers will unveil new 1967 cars; if by then they've failed to sharply reduce the number of 1966 models now littering their lots, a serious crime could be put into early sales of the '67s.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

All in all, a malevolent situation.

How come the grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard?



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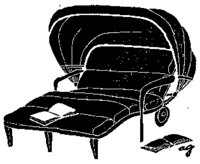
BOOKS

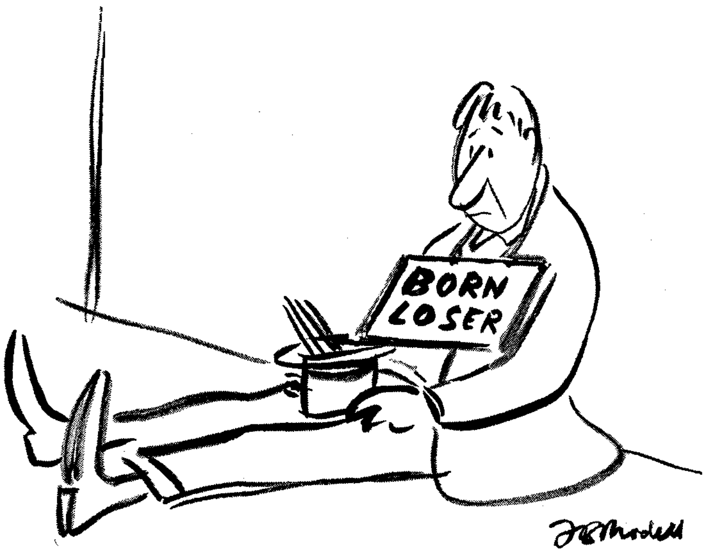
Daphne in India, Catherine in France



THE prescience of writers can be spooky enough to make one believe in muses. When "A Passage to India" appeared, in the middle of the nineteen-twenties, Europeans and their literature were mainly concerned with relationships between Europeans of different classes, generations, and nationalities. Not many of E. M. Forster's readers could have imagined then that his book's theme—relations between Europeans and non-Europeans—would soon become an acute human and literary concern. The topic has recurred often enough in fiction since then, but never, to my knowledge, has it been treated as brilliantly as it is in Paul Scott's new novel, "The Jewel in the Crown" (Morrow).

Mr. Scott, somewhat misleadingly, announces his plot as a belated inquiry into the rape by several Indians of an English girl, Daphne Manners, which occurred in Mayapore (an Indian town and district of Mr. Scott's invention) in 1942. The crime, so the story runs, has never been solved satisfactorily for a number of reasons, among them the fact that at the time the English administration was in the midst of putting down outbreaks that followed Gandhi's arrest, and the official inquiry was distracted. Actually, Mr. Scott's novel is as much a story of romantic love as it is of crime. And it is a political story as well, for the fictional love and the fictional crime are affected by the real political events in India in 1942, as, in the standard colonial pattern, repression is followed by rebellion, which is followed by further repression.

Many of Mr. Scott's wonderfully imagined characters affect, or have, opinions about current events, but not the two romantic lovers, Daphne and Hari Kumar. They have no interest in politics at all. They are a most plausibly created pair, with the faults typical of romantic lovers, such as self-absorption. They also have their own personal faults. Hari, who has been raised in England, has been so Anglicized that he has no place in India; he is a victim and also a bit of a snob. Daphne is socially well situated, but she is big, awkward, nearsighted, shy, and too sensitive for any practical purposes. Like every romantic heroine, she is willful and ill-judging. Nonetheless—or maybe therefore—Mr. Scott makes certain that the reader cares for them both. Generally, it is not difficult to make star-crossed lovers appealing, but generally the chroniclers of romantic passion are not as frank about their characters as Mr. Scott is; for all we know, Radames may have been rude to his batman and Aïda untidy.



The construction of "The Jewel in the Crown" is an artful triumph. Part of the book is a third-person, novelist's account of what happened at the time; part of it is Mr. Scott—or, anyhow, an English writer—describing today his visits to relevant scenes and his conversations with people who have pertinent recollections; and part of it is the characters themselves speaking, both now and then, or, in documents the author has collected, writing. These diverse elements all move (in both senses, narrative and emotional) and all fit precisely into the story, which itself goes forward with considerable power and urgency. Some of the sections in which Mr. Scott's characters speak are entertaining mimicry, among them an excerpt from the unpublished memoirs of an English brigadier. But Mr. Scott's comedy is not separated from his tragedy; they are fused. Even a genuinely pitiable character—a young Indian rebel, arrested before he ever got a chance to do much rebelling—is his own comic relief.

Besides storytelling, Mr. Scott also uses his remarkable techniques to portray a place and time, a society and its social arrangements, that are now history. And after the reader has relaxed from the tension or suspense of a first reading, he finds that the book suggests innumerable topics for reflection. Some are stated: the man who in 1942 was the Deputy Commissioner lets drop into his recollections some notions about Gandhi that are as useful and as imaginative as anything anyone has ever said about that great, puzzling man. Other subjects suggest themselves. American readers are certain to notice, for instance, that English-Indian social relations and attitudes were very similar to those between whites and Negroes in this country. Still, information and intellection are not the book's purposes. Its aims are those of art: of tragedy (pity and terror), of comedy (to be a yardstick), and, as a whole, to be an experience.

"THE OPOPONAX," by Monique Wittig (translated from the French by Helen Weaver; published by Simon & Schuster), is a charming feat of virtuosity—a little girl's own view of her unremarkable life from nursery school to high school. The little girl is Catherine Legrand, and she and her younger sister live in a French town, go to school, go to church, play with each other, play with other children, visit relatives on a farm. (The opoponax of the title is a creature on whom Catherine blames such misfortunes as a faucet that starts to drip as soon as you have gone back to bed.) Miss Wittig's novel is told in the historic present, without any formal transitions between scenes or episodes (and no scene or episode lasts more than a few pages). Catherine does not impart abstract sense—and certainly no narrative or causal form—to her experiences. She is interested in what she is interested in—the part in the hair of the girl in front of her—and not in the aims or motivations of adults, teachers and parents, who seem to her more like forces of nature than fellow-beings. But these technical procedures, which look like innovations, are really instances of a traditional artistic virtue—economy of means. The reader has no trouble following Catherine's growth through her studies (learning to count on page 8, easy Latin on

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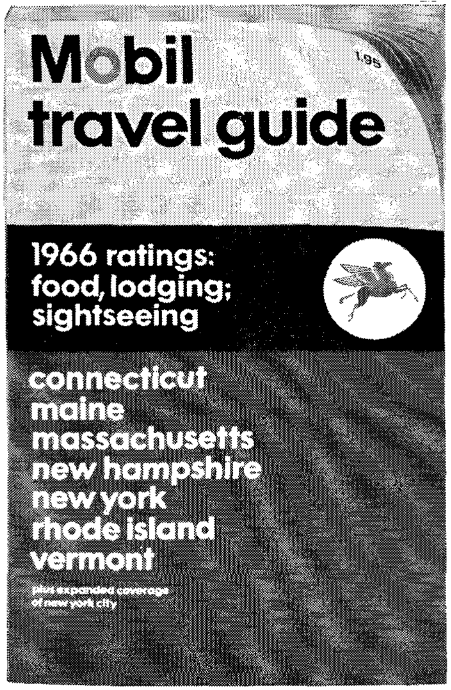
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page 132) or through her extracurricular activities (hiding behind lilacs one spring, going to Rogation services another). Catherine's life is childhood's characteristic, comic mixture—passion and incompetence. She keeps discovering and rediscovering the unmanageability of everything, including oneself (one child quietly toying with her bread at the children's table somehow becomes all the children throwing mashed potatoes at each other), that grownups call mischief.

Besides the exclusions I have mentioned, Miss Wittig excludes statements of feeling. When a little boy, a summer playmate, gives Catherine a snake, the reader is expected to realize that it is a tribute of love. The book refrains from saying so. The absence of overt emotion helps the book achieve its splendid effect, which is childhood, in all its grubby innocence, portrayed as silent-screen comedy—kinetic, surprising, and, even in misfortune, carefree. Would it be fair to say that this motion picture of childhood lacks profundity, as it lacks completeness? Or is Miss Wittig's own profundity her implication that there is a lot less profundity in childhood than other writers descry? Or does she exemplify Valéry's remark that clarity and profundity are just two literary effects? I cannot decide. "The Opoponax," at any rate, is wild, giddy fun, the fun of being—or, better, watching—a child, and, of course, the fun of stunning literary bravura. —NAOMI BLIVEN

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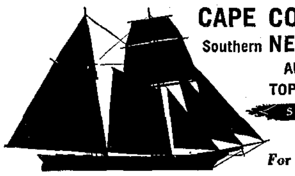

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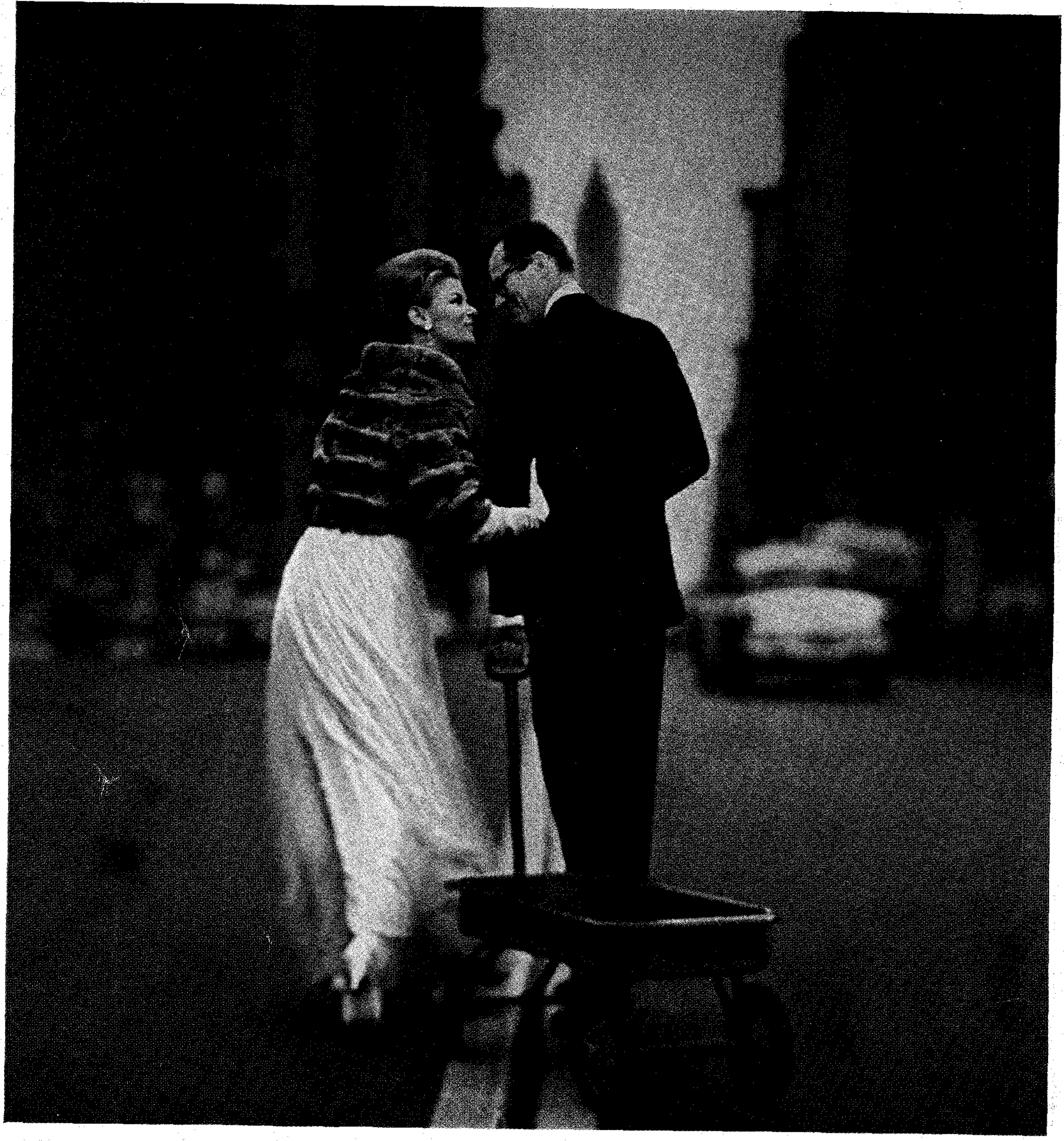

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